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ONE PENNY.

DEATH AND MEMOIR OF LEOPOLD, KING OF THE BELGIANS.

His MAJESTY the King of the Belgians expired at a quarter to twelve o'clock on Sunday, surrounded by the royal family. His Majesty preserved his faculties up to the last moment.

He had been long afflicted with a distressing malady, of which, however, to the honour of English surgery, he was completely cured about two years ago. It had defied the leading surgeons of the Continent, but yielded to the skill of Mr. Henry Thompson,

who successfully performed the operation of lithotomy. After this remarkable cure it seemed as if the king, notwithstanding his great age, might still count on the enjoyment of not a few years of life. He had a strong constitution, and easily underwent fatigues, which many younger men shrink from. He delighted in walking, and to the dismay of his attendants, used to think little of twenty or thirty miles a day. Only in January last, while shooting at his chateau in the Forest of Ardenne, he might be seen for six hours a day on ten successive days tramping through the snow and defying fatigue, although he had then entered his 75th year. He was, indeed, too confident of his strength and took liberties with it. Just before coming to England last spring he had a slight paralytic seizure. Although he was subject to a bronchial weakness, he came to visit the Queen, careless of the weather, and he left our shores, against all advice, equally careless. Since then we have had more than once the painful task of reporting on the doubtful state of his health, and now there comes the saddest task of all—to record that he is dead.

Leopold of Belgium, if not a great monarch, was the wisest of his time. His intellect was more diplomatic than legislative, and he wanted the ambition of imperial minds; but few men that care so little for power have enjoyed more. He had one of the smallest of kingdoms, yet he was one of the most powerful princes in Europe, and certainly he was the most trusted. His life was wonderfully calm, yet it is one of the most extraordinary romances in history. He was the youngest and least of his family, yet he was its real head, and he lived to see it dominate in the councils of the great Powers.

Leopold George Christian Frederic, Prince of Saxe-Coburg-Saalfeld, was born on the 16th of December, 1790, the eighth of a family of nine children, of whom two died in infancy, so that he was the youngest survivor. Older than he were, among others, Prince Ernest, the father of our Prince Albert; Prince Ferdinand, grandfather of the present King of Portugal; and the Princess Victoria, afterwards Duchess of Kent, and mother of our Queen. The kingdom which the wisdom and prudence of Ernest the Pious had made a Power in Germany had not only become insignificant by repeated divisions but that portion of it which remained in the Coburg-Saalfeld branch of the family had also suffered severely from the injudicious administration of Leopold's grandfather, Duke Ernest Frederic, during whose reign a considerable debt had been accumulated, and led to other misfortunes. Leopold's father, Duke Francis, did not much improve the state of affairs, and before his death war

had come to aggravate domestic miseries. We get our first glimpse of the future monarch while his country was suffering the most terrible calamities, and he himself one of the bitterest of domestic bereavements. When, in 1806, the French army crossed the Rhine and entered the territory of Saxe-Coburg, Leopold was watching alone by his dying father's side, his two elder brothers being then engaged—the one in the Austrian, the other in the Prussian army. Saalfeld was attacked, taken, and pillaged in October, and two months afterwards the unfortunate Duke Francis died, having lived only to see

Prince Leopold then paid a visit to his native place, and in 1808 during the absence of his elder brother in Russia, undertook the Government of the principality, though he was but a boy of eighteen. Returning again to Russia, he appeared by the side of the Emperor Alexander during that monarch's interview with Napoleon at Erfurt. He was not, however, permitted to remain long at rest. Napoleon having quarrelled with the Czar, required, as Protector of the Confederation of the Rhine, that Duke Ernest should resign his Austrian, and that Prince Leopold should resign his Russian command. Bowing to necessity, Leopold went to Paris, and, if Napoleon's statement to O'Meara be correct, applied to become one of his aides-de-camp. "He was very near being one of my aides-de-camp," said the Emperor, in 1817, "to obtain which he had made interest, and even applied; but by some means, very fortunately for himself, he did not succeed, as probably if he had he would not have been chosen to be a future King of England." "Most of the young princes of Germany," continued he, "solicited to be my aides-de-camp, and Leopold was then about eighteen or nineteen years of age." The fact, however, seems doubtful.

The next two years of his life were uneventful. In 1811 we find him at Munich concluding a treaty with the King of Bavaria as to the boundaries of that kingdom and the Duchy of Coburg. In 1812, when Napoleon's Russian designs became apparent, he offered his services to the Emperor Alexander, but they were declined. This refusal may be explained in two different ways. Either the Czar generously wished to prevent the young prince from placing himself in a position of difficulty with Napoleon; or, what is more likely, he was offended with him for having too easily abandoned the Russian service and for having formed French connections. Whatever the cause may have been, Prince Leopold remained in comparative retirement, travelling in Austria, Switzerland, and Italy till the eventful year 1813, when Germany rose as one man against Napoleon. Leopold was then selected as the fit person to communicate the state of German feeling to the Emperor Alexander. Accordingly joined the Czar in Poland, and whatever temporary estrangement existed seems to have entirely disappeared. He returned to active service, and commanded a Russian corps at the battles of Lutzen, Bautzen, and Leipzig. He entered Paris with the allied sovereigns, and he accompanied them to England. There he met the Princess Charlotte for the first time, and was so fortunate as to attract her regards. Returning once more to the Continent, he was present at the Congress of Vienna, where he managed

HIS LATE MAJESTY LEOPOLD I., KING OF THE BELGIANS.

the fatal battle of Jena, place Germany at the mercy of the conqueror. His eldest son was recognised as his heir by the Treaty of Paris, but his dominions were seized by Napoleon. Prince Leopold was thus driven from his native land, and entered the service of Russia, where he soon attained the rank of general in the army, a favour which doubtless he owed to the marriage of his third sister, Juliana, with the Grand Duke Constantine. The Prince of Tisl in 1807 effected a favourable change in the fortunes of the Saxe-Coburg family, for by the arrangements concluded between France and Russia, Duke Ernest was restored to his hereditary possessions.

to obtain an increase of territory for his brother. The unexpected return of Napoleon recalled him to the army of the Rhine, and with it subsequently he re-entered Paris. It was during his stay there that he received an invitation to revisit England, and to revisit it as the accepted suitor of the heiress to the throne. Suddenly as the lightning the most splendid destiny flashed upon the obscure prince of a petty German province. Prince Leopold won without an effort the bride who seemed destined to the Prince of Orange, as some years later he obtained without seeking half the kingdom of the Netherlands. It was a strange fortune which thus fell to him that



he should supplant the Prince of Orange in the affections of the most coveted princess of Europe, and that, again, he should supplant both him and his father in the possession of half their kingdom.

On the 16th of March, 1816, the Prince Regent sent a message to parliament announcing the intended marriage of his daughter to Prince Leopold. On the 27th of the same month the fortunate prince was naturalized; he received the title of Duke of Kent and the rank of general in the army, and on the 2nd of May the marriage was celebrated at Carlton House. A year and a half of domestic happiness and repose followed, which must have been peculiarly grateful to one whose whole youth had been exposed to continual vicissitudes. He took no active part in public affairs, devoting himself entirely to study and domestic enjoyment. We need not dwell on the sudden blighting of his hopes. His calamity was no less sudden than his good fortune. The Princess Charlotte died in December, 1817. He resided at Claremont in the closest retirement, and before long it happened that a new object of interest arose for him. His sister had married the Duke of Kent, and in 1819 a daughter was born to her, who, under certain not improbable contingencies, would succeed to the British throne. He gave his sister the benefit of his advice and experience. The Duchess of Kent came to England comparatively ignorant of its language and its manners, and her position here, left as she soon was, a widow, with the responsibility of raising up the heiress of the Crown, might have been insupportable had her brother not been at hand to assist her. For him it is difficult to imagine a history more strange or more full of vicissitude. In one day he is master of the most splendid position in the world. In one day he is removed from his pride of place and falls back into his original obscurity. In one day, again, there gleams upon him the hope that his sister is to be the mother of an English sovereign, and that through her his family may rise to the first place in the eyes of Europe.

Prince Leopold did not remain many years in obscurity. In February, 1840, he was offered the kingdom of Greece. He accepted it on certain conditions which we need not recapitulate, as it was impossible to comply with them. The result of non-compliance was that he remained in retirement at Claremont. It has been asserted that when he thus declined the crown of Greece he had some knowledge of the better fortune which was awaiting him. This, however, is quite impossible. The Greek crown was declined on the 21st of May, and the revolution at Brussels did not take place till the following September. When that revolution broke forth it was not until after the claims of the Duke of Leuchtenburg and of the Duke of Nemours were interdicted—the former by France and the latter by England—that the Belgian people turned towards Prince Leopold. In June, 1831, he was elected their king, and in July he solemnly swore to observe the constitution and to preserve the independence and integrity of the country. He had first, however, to fight for his crown, for the Dutch had not yet consented to the severance of Belgium. King Leopold had to fight the Dutch. He was beaten at Louvain, and he was compelled to seek the assistance of the French. An army of 50,000 men came to his relief, and the King of the Netherlands withdrew his troops. In September King Leopold opened for the first time the Legislative Chambers, and then commenced the most arduous of tasks, the organization of a new kingdom. In less than a year the nation was constituted, an army of c. 100,000 men was ready for the field, credit was established, and a national loan of 80,000,000 florins was negotiated. In order still further to consolidate his position the king married in August, 1832, the Princess Louise, eldest daughter of King Louis Philippe. In the same year, the Netherlands being still reluctant to acknowledge the independence of Belgium, active measures were taken to enforce a recognition, and Leopold, with the assistance of a French army, laid siege to and recovered Antwerp. The result was that in May, 1833, a provisional treaty with the Netherlands was signed, though it was not made final and definite till some years afterwards. Henceforward the king devoted himself unceasingly to the development of the internal resources of the country, and with what success those who know the high position Belgium now holds in manufactures and in commerce can testify. In 1834 the vast network of railways now covering Flanders was projected, and in 1837 the National Bank was established. The birth of two sons—one in 1837, the other in 1840—gave assurance of the stability of the dynasty, and the good government of the country is proved by the tranquillity it has enjoyed.

When, in 1848, revolution broke out in Paris, it was feared that the sympathy which existed between France and some of the Belgian provinces might lead to an outbreak; but all fears were quickly dispelled by the conduct of the king. As soon as the news reached Brussels of what had occurred in Paris to his father-in-law, King Leopold assembled the leaders of the different parties, reminded them of the circumstances under which he had accepted the Crown, and declared himself ready to resign it again into the hands of the nation if the people really thought they could be more happy under a republican form of Government. He added that violence was unnecessary, as he himself would like nothing better than to live in retirement at Claremont. This declaration put an end to all revolutionary ideas, if any such had ever been entertained. There were around his couch at the time of his death the immediate members of his family. He has left behind him, as far as his second wife, Marie-Louise, who died in 1850, two sons and a daughter. The eldest son, Leopold, Duke of Brabant, who succeeds his father, with the title of Leopold II, was born in 1835, and married in 1853 the Archduchess Marie of Austria, daughter of the late Archduke Joseph, Palatine of Hungary. His youngest son, Philippe, Count of Flanders, was born in 1837, and holds an honorary command in the regiment of Guards. His only daughter, the Princess Charlotte, was born in 1840, and was married in 1857 to the Archduke Ferdinand Maximilian of Austria, brother of the reigning Emperor, Francis-Joseph. With her husband she sailed in 1861 for Mexico.

STRANGE DISCOVERY—The other day Messrs Swainson, Birley, and Co., manufacturers of Preston, received a quantity of cotton in bales from Manchester. On one of the bales being opened a small barrel was found concealed in it, and when the parcel was untied it contained, strange to say, fourteen Minie rifle copper cartridges. The ball fixed at the end of each cartridge was in every case greased with tallow, with which a deadly poison had been mixed. If the cartridges had not been discovered, and if the cotton wrapped round them had gone into the machinery at the mill an explosion with terrible consequences would have ensued. Why, when, or for what purposes the cartridges were inserted in the bale of cotton is a mystery.

FATAL ACCIDENT TO A RAILWAY PORTER—An inquest was held on Monday evening, at St. Mary's Hospital, before Dr. Lankester, coroner, on view of the body of Charles Lee, late a porter on the Great Western Railway. Elizabeth Lee stated that she lived at 28, Salem-gardens, and was the widow of deceased, who was thirty-five years old. He met with an accident on the railway about three weeks ago. Witness saw him at the hospital after the accident, but he did not blame any one for what had occurred. Richard Dilcock deposed that deceased was on the day in question going up on a lift to see that the doors were all right. He had a cut in his arm, which tried to get away, and in order to keep it he stepped back, and the lift caught his foot. Mr. Lynch, house surgeon, said that deceased was brought to the hospital suffering from a compound fracture of the right foot, and died on Saturday morning last from tetanus. The jury returned a verdict of "Accidental death."

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS AT TROS'S WAREHOUSE, 263, WHITECHAPEL-ROAD.—Superior Harmoniums from £14 10s. and upwards. New model pianofortes from sixteen guineas: also all other instruments and fittings, at the lowest possible prices. Price list post-free.—[Advertisement.]

Notes of the Week.

On Saturday Mr. Richards, deputy-coroner for East Middlesex, held an inquiry at the Green Man Tavern, Featherstone-street, St. Luke's, relative to the death, from alleged neglect and privations, of Miss Martha Ann Kemp, aged seventy-seven years. The jury, having been sworn in, proceeded to view the body of the deceased, which lay in a miserable garret over a tailor's shop, at 14, Featherstone street. The deceased lived there with her sister on an income which she stated to her landlady contributed £40 a-year to the income tax. But such was the parsimony of both the sisters, who, indeed, latterly became almost childish, that, though there were trunks full of clothes in their room, they were content to remain in a state of almost complete nudity, and to deprive themselves of every necessary—even the use of a bed, which, though it belonged to the landlady, they would not use lest it should wear out—except the commonest food. The jury returned a verdict, "That the deceased was found dead from the mortal effects of exhaustion and paralysis, accelerated by want of warm clothing and other necessities of life."

On Saturday afternoon, an inquest was held by Dr. Lankester, at the Hornsey-wood Tavern, on the mutilated body of a man unknown, apparently aged about forty-five. It appeared that on Wednesday week, between one and two o'clock, a train was coming up between Hornsey and the Seven Sisters-road Station, when deceased was observed by the driver and stoker to walk from the bridge, lay himself down, and place his head on the rail, with his face turned to the approaching train. The driver at once blew the whistle and reversed the engine, but, unhappily the distance between the train and the deceased was too short to prevent a fatal result. The guard-iron of the engine struck deceased's head and turned his body round, the driving-wheel cutting off both his feet. Information of the occurrence was given at the station, when one of the railway constables found the body about six or eight yards from Hornsey-wood-bridge. The coroner having referred to the case, asked the jury if they would prefer an adjournment for the purpose of identification. The jury thought that by leaving the state of mind an open question they had sufficient evidence to come to a conclusion. They then returned a verdict, "That deceased met his death by being run over by a railway train, he having deliberately placed his head upon the rail."

A COURT-MARTIAL, of which Captain J. Falford was the president, assembled, on Monday morning, on board her Majesty's ship *Formidable*, 84, flag-ship of Vice-Admiral Sir C. Talbot, K.C.B., commander-in-chief at the Nore, for the trial of Mr. Frederick Pugh, engineer of the *Medusa*, 6, 312 horse-power, Master Commander T. Potter, on a charge of having, on the 2nd inst., been drunk on board the said steamer, during the time she was proceeding from Portsmouth to the Nore. Mr. Knight, of the firm of Esell, Knight, and Arnolds, solicitors, Rochester, Admiralty solicitors, officiated as deputy-judge-advocate, and conducted the case. Mr. M. Stephenson, solicitor, appeared for the prisoner. The prisoner pleaded guilty to the charge and threw himself on the mercy of the court, at the same time handing in numerous certificates from officers under whom he had served. After remaining some time in deliberation the court adjudged the prisoner to be dismissed her Majesty's service, but in consideration of his former good character recommended him to the favourable consideration of the Lords of the Admiralty.

DR. LANKESTER held an inquest on Monday evening in the board-room of St. Mary's Hospital, on the body of a female child, which was found in Hyde-park square on Sunday morning. Evidence as to the finding of the body, and of its being enclosed in a piece of flannel, having been given, it was proved by the medical testimony that the child had been born alive, and had met its death by suffocation, resulting from pressure on the mouth and nostrils. The jury found that the child had been wilfully suffocated by some person or persons unknown.

JENN PATENT TUBULAR CHURN—Among the new inventions exhibited at the Agricultural Hall during the Smithfield Show, the above churn has attracted much notice. When we say that it produces first-quality butter in three minutes, its importance will be readily appreciated. This churn can be had of J. G. Avery, 45, Little Britain.

MRS. LINCOLN.—The *New York Independent* publishes the following extract from a letter recently written by Mrs. Lincoln, the widow of the late President of the United States:—"Truly," writes Mrs. Lincoln, "no sorrow has been like unto mine. I am as broken-hearted over this overwhelming affliction as when the terrible tragedy first occurred, and of course realize it far more. I have lost the most loving and devoted of husbands, and my dear boys the best father that sons were ever blessed with. Until God's love shall place me by his side again, I shall know no peace or alleviation of my grief. Knowing him as you did, I am sure you can pardon and appreciate a wife's great sorrow over so untimely a loss! How I wish you could have been with my dear husband the last few weeks of his life! Having a realising sense that the unnatural rebellion was near its close, and being most of the time away from Washington, where he had passed through such conflicts of mind during the last four years—feeling so encouraged, he freely gave vent to his cheerfulness. Down the Potomac he was almost boyish in his mirth, and reminded me of his original nature as I remembered him in our own home, free from care, surrounded by those he loved. That terrible Friday I never saw him so supremely cheerful. His manner was ever playful. At three o'clock he drove out with me in the open carriage. In starting, I asked him, 'If any one should accompany us.' He immediately replied, 'No; I prefer to ride by ourselves to-day.' During the drive he was so gay that I said to him, laughingly, 'Dear husband, you almost startle me by your great cheerfulness.' He replied, 'And well I may feel so, Mary, for I consider this day the war has come to a close,' and then added, 'We must both be more cheerful in the future. Between the war and the loss of our darling Willie we have been very miserable.' Every word he then uttered is deeply engraved on my poor broken heart. In the evening his mind was fixed upon having some relaxation. I firmly believe that if he had remained at the White House on that night of darkness when the floods prevailed he would have been horribly cut to pieces. Those floods had too long contemplated this inhuman murder to have allowed him to escape."

WHO IS MRS. WINSLOW?—As this question is frequently asked, we shall simply say that she is a lady who for upwards of thirty years has uniformly devoted her time and talents as a female physician and nurse, principally among children. She has especially studied the constitution and wants of this numerous class, and, as a result of this effort, and practical knowledge obtained in a life-time spent as nurse and physician, she has composed a Soothing Syrup for children. It operates like magic, giving rest and health, and, moreover, sure to regulate the bowels. In consequence of this article, Mrs. Winslow is becoming world-renowned as a benefactress of her race. Children certainly do live up and bless her. Especially is this the case in this city. Vast quantities of the Soothing Syrup are daily sold and used here. We think Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup is the only article, and we sincerely believe that no child has been saved from an early grave by its timely use, and that millions yet unborn will share its benefits, and use it in all its blessedness. No mother has discharged her duty to her offspring like one, in our opinion, until she has given it the benefit of Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. Try it, mothers—try it now—*Ladies' Visitor, New York City—Advertisement*.

GENTLEMEN ONLY—Avoid the unpleasantness caused by the loss of a brace button, by insisting upon having your trousers fitted with BUSSEY'S PATENT, BUTTONS, which never come off, and are fixed at the rate of five per minute. Patentees' Depot, 482, New Oxford-street, W.C.—[Advertisement.]

Foreign News.

FRANCE.

The *Constitutionnel* eulogizes the high wisdom, moderation, and ability of the late Sovereign of Belgium, and says:—

"Thanks to King Leopold, Belgium has seen her prosperity increase, and has reached such a condition that the succession to the throne takes place in the midst of the most perfect tranquillity. Trained in this school Leopold II cannot fail to continue the paternal tradition, and his accession will be hailed with equal sympathy and confidence."

The Empress Charlotte has left Mexico for Europe en route by Yucatan. The French Emperor is apprehensive lest Maximilian should shortly follow his consort, and has prevailed on Senor Hidalgo, the Mexican minister in Paris, to proceed to Mexico and endeavour to dissuade Maximilian from abdicating. Senor Hidalgo will go out in the French packet. It is very doubtful whether he will arrive in Mexico before Maximilian has taken his departure, the probability being that both Emperor and Empress will reach Europe before the ensuing new year.

Nearly all the Paris papers contain eulogistic articles on the late King of the Belgians, and express a hope that his successor will display as much wisdom and as conciliatory a spirit as his father.

The *Moniteur* says:—

"The death of the King of the Belgians has produced a deep and melancholy impression. The loss of a Sovereign who by his wisdom had acquired so high a position in the councils of Europe has excited universal regret. The French Court, wishing to manifest its participation in this feeling, the fêtes at Compiègne have been interrupted, and the dramatic representation arranged for this evening at Compiègne has been countermanded."

SWEDEN.

In consequence of the passing of the Bill for the reform of the constitution by the Legislature large crowds of people assembled before the Ministerial residence at Stockholm. Eustachian cheers were given for Baron de Geer, Count Mandelstrem, and Baron Gripenstedt, the ministers of justice, foreign affairs, and finance.

During the performance in the King's Theatre the National Anthem was called for and sung in chorus by the performers and the whole audience, after which loud and continued cheers were given for the King.

PRUSSIA.

The semi-official gazette of Berlin publishes a biography of the deceased King of the Belgians, which concludes as follows:—

"Even the political adversaries of the deceased monarch allow that he was a highly-gifted prince, and that in him the House of Coburg has lost its chief, through whose political abilities it derived a lustre almost unparalleled in modern history."

The semi-official journal, in an article on the death of King Leopold, says:—

"The political significance which we attach to the death of the King of the Belgians is as slight as the grief at this sad occurrence will be great wherever the personal qualities of the illustrious monarch are known."

BELGIUM.

The following proclamation, announcing the death of King Leopold, was posted during Sunday in the streets of Brussels:—

"Inhabitants of Brussels! The King is dead! His Majesty succumbed at 11 45 this morning, at his residence at Laken, to the attacks of the malady from which he has so long suffered."

"All Belgians will deplore the loss of the sovereign who has been associated for thirty-four years with the destinies of Belgium."

"The high sagacity and striking personality of him who carries our eternal regards with him to the tomb, have favoured the development of a happy, prosperous and free nationality, whose existence has become a pledge of security and peace to Europe."

"History will tell that the founder of our national dynasty has bequeathed to posterity the pattern of the most loyal development of our free institutions, and has secured the indissoluble alliance of the throne with liberty."

"The country places its destinies with confidence in the hands of the worthy son of a model king—of the prince who, born upon Belgian soil, partakes our sentiments and our wishes, as we share his profound grief."

(Signed) T. ANSPACH, Burgomaster.

"Done at the Hotel de Ville this 10th of December, 1865."

The following particulars respecting the last moments of King Leopold are taken from the *Independence Belge* of Sunday:—

"For the last two days the state of weakness to which his majesty was reduced was such that the fatal end was almost hourly expected. His robust constitution alone delayed the final crisis. Last night it was thought to be imminent. About midnight the ministers repaired to the Palace of Laken, but upon their arrival the ailing patient had just fallen asleep. This was a gain of some hours, but there was no hope. It was and could only be but a short respite. For several days past the Duke and Duchess of Brabant, their children, and the Count of Flanders had taken up their residence at the palace. The king, who saw them often, summoned them to his presence this morning, and begged them not to leave him until all was over. His majesty, who preserved up to the last moment all the faculties of his vast and noble intelligence, was perfectly calm and tranquil. His audible and heavy respiration alone indicated the approach of the last moment. The king, besides, no longer entertained any doubt upon the danger of his condition. About eleven o'clock, the President of the Senate, the President of the Chamber of Representatives, and the ministers, again proceeded to Laken. M. Jules van Praet, Minister of the King's Household, his oldest friend in Belgium, his most intimate confidant, and most devoted servant, also accompanied him. When these high functionaries were introduced in the chamber of the ailing sufferer, a most noble and touching spectacle was presented to them. The king still preserved all his consciousness. He was surrounded by his children and grandchildren bathed in tears, and held one of his hands of the Duchess of Brabant who knelt at the foot of the bed. The Rev. Dr. Becker, his majesty's chaplain, who for the last few days has also resided at Laken, was also in the royal chamber. Perceiving his old friend M. Jules van Praet, the king took his hand and grasped it affectionately. His majesty then replaced his hand in that of the duchess. Some minutes after the king expired gently, without a murmur and without agony, so imperceptibly that the persons surrounding his bedside were not immediately aware that he had breathed his last."

The council of ministers have issued a proclamation, which, after announcing the death of his Majesty King Leopold, says:—

"The Belgian people will await with confidence the approaching day upon which the representatives of the nation will receive the constitutional oath from the heir to the throne. Until this oath shall have been taken the constitutional powers of the King will be exercised in accordance with article 79 of the constitution, in the name of the Belgian people, by the ministers assembled in council, and under their responsibility."

On Tuesday afternoon King Leopold II received the following telegram from the Emperor Napoléon:—

"The Empress and myself sympathize most deeply in the affliction which has befallen you. Your august father always displayed great affection towards me, and I always entertained for him the same feeling. King Leopold was renowned for his great intelligence and

wisdom. He was one of the most justly revered monarchs of Europe. I hope that on the throne you will follow the great example bequeathed by your illustrious predecessor. On every occasion I shall be happy to give you proof of the affection I feel for you."

General News.

It is said that at Santiago, the other day, the authorities, who had long been asking the patron saint for rain to no purpose, sent him out into a public square, lined with troops, and gave him a round dozen, to punish his obstinacy or quicken his recollection.

We have to announce the death of Lady Augusta Gordon Hallyburton, only surviving natural daughter of King William IV by Mrs. Jordan, the actress. The deceased lady was born 20th Nov., 1838. She married, first, 5th July, 1827, Hon. John Kennedy-Locke (who died 6th March 1831); and, secondly, 24th August, 1838, Lord John Frederick Gordon Hallyburton, third son of George, ninth Marquis of Huntley, by Catherine, second daughter of the late Sir Charles Clap, Bart. Her ladyship died at Hallyburton House, Coopers-Angus, N.B.

We regret to learn that Sir Charles Wood, Bart., still continues to do well at his residence at Hickleton Hall, near this town. The accident to the right honourable baronet was more severe than many of his friends believed.—*Doscastor Gazette*.

Sir Henry Stroaks arrived in London on Monday from Malta, and will be leading member of the commission about to proceed to Jamaica to inquire into the whole of the circumstances connected with the late disturbances, and the conduct of the local authorities in reference thereto.

In Chicago a building, 80 ft. by 160 ft., five stories high, and weighing 27,000 tons, has recently been raised 2 ft. from its original foundation. It was done by means of 1,580 screws placed underneat the building and turned simultaneously. The work occupied three days.

A WOMAN SENTENCED TO DEATH FOR MURDER. At the Leicestershire winter assizes, before Mr. Justice Mellor, Eliza Atkins, a woman apparently fifty years of age, but who was stated to be only forty-two, was arraigned for the wilful murder of her son, a child four years of age.

It appeared from the evidence that the prisoner, the widow of a collie who met his death from injuries received at an accident at Wellingborough some three or four years since, had endeavoured to sustain herself subsequent to the death of her husband by going into service, her son at this time being in the care of her sister. Her circumstances, however, became so reduced that she and her child were compelled to enter the Loughborough Union Workhouse. Having moved in respectable society previous to her marriage the restraints and condition of life grew too irksome to be endured, and on the 28th of July last she left the place taking her son with her. She carried the little fellow on her back eight or nine miles to the village of Whitwick, where she asked a woman named Castledine to be allowed to rest in her cottage. At this place the child fell asleep, and after resting some time she again started on her journey. Nothing was heard or seen of the prisoner until the following day, when she called up a woman named Lucy, who lived near the village of Thringstone, about six o'clock in the morning. Here she accounted for the absence of her child by stating that it was dead and buried; that it was well and dead in an hour, having died of cramp. About the same time a labourer named Elliott, having occasion to go to a well in the village of Thringstone, found several women round who were unable to draw water, owing to there being something at the bottom of the well. He looked carefully into the water, and, thinking he saw the body of a child, procured a ladder and descended. He found the body of a little boy, which he carried on a board into the village. Here it was identified. On being taken into custody the prisoner said to the superintendent's wife, "I could not bear to see him suffer, and so I did it." On being brought before the magistrates in petty sessions she made no attempt to conceal her guilt, but said, "Through trouble I did it, because homeless and friendless."

The case occupied the attention of the court several hours, and at its close his lordship pronounced sentence of death in the usual form.

MURDER OF A POLICEMAN.

On Saturday morning, a remarkably quiet and well-behaved member of the county of Stafford constabulary, named Augustus Hooper, aged thirty-eight, was murdered at Willenhall, a portion of the borough of Wolverhampton, about three miles from the town. On the previous Friday night four Irish labourers were drinking in a beerhouse up to the time that it was closed, when they adjourned to an old licensed house known by the sign of the Royal George. Here they were creating a disturbance some time after midnight. A policeman named Butler, aged twenty, went in, and the landlord, who had gone to bed, got up, and ordered the men out of the house, the policeman taking no part in the clearing of the place. When the Irishmen were in the street they threatened to assault the officer, who, however, only advised them to go home, and then proceeded upon his beat. One of them had got before Butler, and as he turned a corner struck him and ran into a bye-lane. The policeman followed and closed with his man. The other three Irishmen came up and rescued their comrade. Butler then seized one of the three, and was successful in keeping his fast during a conflict which lasted over a quarter of an hour. The struggle was so severe that he broke his staff, and then fought with his right fist whilst he held his man with his left. The officer called for assistance, and his prisoner cried out that he was being murdered. Hooper now arrived, when two of Butler's assailants ran away, and Butler directed his attention to the fourth, whom he had previously knocked down by a blow with his fist; but the fellow had regained his feet, and was a few yards away. Hooper went up to him, and almost immediately Butler saw him fall. Some neighbours came to the spot at this juncture, and Hooper was found lying upon his face, quite dead, with his truncheon in his hand, his walking stick under him, and his cap off. Upon examination it was found that he had received a deep wound in the right breast, and that some of the principal vessels leading from the heart had been severed. A man named Kane was afterwards apprehended in his own house, the door-posts of which, the latch of the back door, and other parts were smeared with blood. It is supposed that the wound, which is about three inches deep, was inflicted with a pocket-knife or dagger.

SUICIDE BY A BOY.—A singular case of juvenile suicide occurred at Berlin a few days since. A boy ten years of age, after an alteration with his elder brother, complained to their father of the injuries with which he had been treated. To the boy's great surprise the father declared that the elder was in the right. This decision so affected the lad that he determined to put an end to his life, and told several of his playfellows that he would hang himself at a certain hour. He resolutely executed his purpose, and was found hanging, quite dead, in his bed-room, soon after the time he had indicated.

Young's ASSISTANT CORN AND BUNION PLASTERS are the best ever invented for giving immediate ease. Price 6d. and 1s. per box. Observers Trade Mark—E. Y.—without which none are genuine. May be had of respectable chemists in town and country. Wholesale Manufactory, 2, Shropshire-place, Aldersgate-street, E.C., London.—[Advertisement.]

A STRANGE LOVE AFFAIR, AND BREACH OF PROMISE.

In the Court of Common Pleas was recently tried a case between Mr. Rendall.

Mr. Sergeant Ballantine and Mr. Butler Bigby were counsel for the plaintiff; and Mr. D. Seymour, Q.C., and Mr. Lowes for the defendant.

This was an action for the breach of promise of marriage, to which the defendant pleaded that the contract had been rescinded, and that he was exonerated from his promise by the plaintiff.

Mr. Sergeant Ballantine, in opening the case, said that the plaintiff was a young lady, about the age of twenty-one, of considerable personal attractions, and was the daughter of very respectable persons, and that the defendant was a young man in every respect suitable to become the husband of the young lady. He was a young man of considerable talents, working his way in life; he had been engaged upon the provincial press, and was now a reporter in the gallery of the House of Commons. The courtship between the plaintiff and defendant began by a letter at the latter part of 1863, and was for some time continued by correspondence, the defendant being then a sub-editor of the *Hull Packet* newspaper. One of the defendant's earliest letters was as follows:

"My dear Madam.—I am in the receipt of your letter, and I have the greatest possible pleasure in responding to your inquiries respecting myself and family. My name is Tom Dennis Kendall, and I am the sub-editor of the *Hull Packet* newspaper. My father is not a private gentleman, but a large coach proprietor. I have neither a brother nor a sister. I am an only son. My relations are scattered in various parts of the country, and I have several uncles clergymen, the chief one known to fame being the Rev. H. Rendall, of Darlington. I am a native of Yorkshire, having been born in Hull. I am of a lively disposition, and have a good temper. I am passionately fond of music, and I have not the slightest doubt that I possess the requisites for making the home of my lady love (whomsoever she may be) happy. I cannot but admit that you are only acting wisely in refusing to accept me absolutely as your suitor until you know whether you would like me personally, and whether I should like you. In reply to this I beg to say that I will come as far as Tunbridge Wells for the special purpose of having an interview with you, and if you do not like me I will at once return and never more trouble you with regard to myself. Let me know if you will agree to this. I can easily run down to London, and from there to Tunbridge Wells, and I will stop at any hotel you like to name. When you read this I think you will no longer doubt the sincerity of my motives. I trust you will get one of your *cartes de visite* done, and send me it, for after having sent mine, it is only fair you should return the compliment. In your next letter, also, tell me some further particulars respecting yourself, for I shall read them with the greatest possible pleasure.—Believe me, yours truly,

"Miss A. L. Senelle. "TOM DENNIS RENDALL."

In the course of events the defendant saw the young lady, and was satisfied with her appearance and manners, and she was pleased with him. His letters grew warmer, and on the 10th of November, 1863, he wrote to his brother, informing him that he was a suitor for his sister's hand and asking him, as her nearest relative, to allow him (the defendant) permission to pay his addresses to her with the object of their future union. The letter entered very fully into particulars as to his position and prospects, and in it he asked to be admitted as a member of your honourable family." "I have not written to Miss Senelle's ma, believing the best course to be that which I have adopted in addressing you, and if your consent should be given I have little doubt that of ma will soon follow. I do not ask to be allowed to marry your sister at once, but I am willing to pay my addresses a reasonable and proper time, and from the personal interview you will then have with me you will be able to judge whether I am worthy to have as my future wife a young lady who by birth, education, and manners is justly entitled to occupy a high position in social life." The defendant was accepted as the plaintiff's suitor, and matters progressed in such a way that no man with the feelings of a gentleman would have thought himself at liberty to withdraw from his engagement. The defendant left Hull and came up to town, and was engaged on the *Morning Star* newspaper as a reporter in the gallery of the House of Commons. At this time the defendant's prospects were exceedingly good, and the attachment on both sides seemed sincere and honourable. So the course of love ran on until the summer of 1864, when the plaintiff, after having written three letters to the defendant, received this reply from him:

"Dear Minnie.—You have written three letters concerning my long silence. The reason is that extraordinary circumstances have occurred which may cause us never to see each other again. I have already left London—perhaps never to return. You may as well know the reason. When in Hull and since, during a career of dissipation, vice, and what is called fast life, I incurred debts to the extent of near £1,000. I left Hull because of differences at home. Those differences have since been trebled. My father has been in London some days, and refuses to accept the responsibility of these debts unless I will leave England. The debts, I am pledged, shall be paid, and the only means for this to be done is for me to quit these shores. I intend, if I remain in the same mind, to go to India via Marseilles; but my plans are not in any way settled, and I know not what to do. I have left London, and whether I shall return I do not know. It is in reference to you I feel the most. I told you always that I was bad, but I had no idea things would come to this pass. I am glad, however, that you may yet get some one worthy of you. I cannot dwell upon this subject. You may address letters to the London address still; they will be forwarded for me. Yours, in great trouble,

"Dennis." That was not a letter which he as a gentleman and man of honour should have written, considering his own statements and his early letters, and it was to be hoped for his own sake that he gave a false account of his vices and dissipation in that cruel letter. If he had pursued such a career he must have known all about it when he first sought the plaintiff's acquaintance. The plaintiff's friends, however, found no trace of any such career; and with regard to the defendant's leaving England it was not true, for he was now here. As to a rescission of the contract, there was no ground for such a plea. It was true that the plaintiff, like a young lady of spirit, was not going down on her knees to ask him to fulfil it, but if he chose to break his promise he must bear the responsibility. The learned sergeant concluded with asking the jury to give liberal damages.

The plaintiff's mother was examined and proved the facts stated by the learned sergeant in his opening address. In cross-examination she said her daughter would much rather have had the defendant fulfil his promise than that an action should be brought, and that the defendant had returned her daughter's letters to her. Several letters from the defendant to the plaintiff were read, of which the following are specimens:

"Hull, Nov. 10, 1863. "My dear Minnie.—Pray let me call you so familiarly, for dear and very much so you are to me now. I have written to your brother, and enclose a copy of the letter which I have sent to him. I hope it will meet with your approbation. I have not put in it a series of remarks about my love for you, for at first your brother might not be inclined to believe them, and, besides, it would be out of place for me to mention them to him. But to you I may speak more plainly, and let me say this, that your personal appearance and winning manners have completely stolen my heart, and however favourably I may have thought of you previously, when I saw you on Monday and had afterwards the pleasure of being in your

company you made an impression on my heart which will not be easily effaced. Although I might seem gay when I bid you farewell at Tunbridge-wells, yet it was with a sad heart that I parted, for I fear would have remained longer to enjoy a pleasure which no other whom I have seen has inspired in my breast. If this is the beginning of love I know not where it will end, but I feel this, that I shall lead a lone and miserable life until I again see you. What increases my joy is the thought that you are favourably impressed with me, and you will remember that you whispered to me when I asked you if you thought you could learn to love me. Oh, do try; for there is no disputing the fact that I have all but lost my heart, and you have it in your possession. Let us live for each other in the future, and it will be my study to love and cherish you as I would do an object of the highest earthly value. I feel entirely unable to write my thoughts at present. I hope my suit with your brother will be successful, and then indeed you and I will be happy," &c.

"Hull, Nov. 16, 1863.

"My dear Minnie.—Your anxiously-expected letter came duly to hand, and its contents gave me the best possible pleasure. We seem now to thoroughly understand each other. As I have already told you, and now again tell you, I have lost my heart, and you are the only living creature that I know of that can compensate me for that loss, and you promise to do so," &c.

Mr. Seymour addressed the jury for the defendant, and said that actions for breach of promise varied exceedingly in their character; in some it was almost impossible to estimate the damages too highly, while in others no damages at all should be given. The present was the case of a very young man tumbling head over ears into love without any thought, and in the most romantic manner, not ever having seen the lady; for in one of his earliest letters, which had not been read on the other side, he gave a description of himself in order that his lady-love might not mistake some one else for him:

"Hull, Oct. 17, 1863.

"My dear Madam.—I hasten to reply to your letter, and I beg to inform you that I will come to Tunbridge Wells on Monday, the 26th inst., as you suggest. You may rely upon my coming, for I never was more sincere in my life, and I hope you will not disappoint me. I shall leave Hull by the night express on Sunday, and will arrive in London in time to travel to Tunbridge-wells by the 9.15 express, and I trust you will be at the station to meet me. I shall travel in the centre compartment of a first-class carriage. Upon my alighting you will easily recognise me by being tall. I shall be dressed in dark hat, dark blue tight-fitting coat, and perhaps dark trousers. I will only wear one kid glove, that on the left hand. I will have no glove on the right one, and on the fourth finger you will see a diamond ring. I will also carry a silk umbrella in the right hand. This description, with the help of the *carte de visite* you have of me, will, I think, make you recognise me. If I do not see you immediately upon my arrival I will walk into the first-class refreshment-room and remain a few seconds. You must not imagine you are going to meet a fine-looking young gentleman; I do not flatter myself that I am such, but this I am proud of—I am gentlemanly in bearing and manners, and whatever may be the result of our interview, of this I feel convinced, that you will give me credit for the sincerity of my motives and the strictly honourable and straightforward manner in which I have and shall continue to conduct myself towards you. I look more to goodness of the heart and amability of temper than beauty of countenance, although, after all, perhaps, you are underrating your own appearance. However, I shall soon be able to judge for myself. I am only afraid of myself. I do not entertain much fear but what you will suit me. Send me word by return how you will be dressed, in order that I may have some idea of your appearance, inasmuch as I have not seen your *carte de visite*. In conclusion, let me say that you may rely on my coming as here stated, and I trust you are equally sincere and will not disappoint me. As ever.

"TOM DENNIS KENDALL.

"Sub-Editor, *Packet-office*, Hull." There could be no doubt that the defendant had exaggerated his position and prospects, and that he was not in a condition to support a lady as she should be, and it was much better after the romance had passed and the reality began to dawn upon him that he should break off the engagement than he should rush into a marriage which, in the result, must necessarily bring the sorrow and misery on both which embarrassments and poverty inevitably entail.

The following witness was called for the defence.

Mr. Somers, a solicitor, of Hull. I know the defendant and his father. I consider the defendant a young man of ability. His father is a cab proprietor; he has two or three cabs, and also keeps a small public-house in Hull.

Mr. Seymour then put in a letter from the plaintiff to the defendant, wherein she stated that she had the papers at Peterborough, and, therefore, could not forward the parcel the defendant asked for. This Mr. Seymour urged as evidence of a mutual desire for the return of each other's letters, and as a proof of the rescission of the contract.

Mr. Sergeant Ballantine having replied, and the learned judge having summed up, the jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff—Damages, £70.

WOMEN STORMING A WORKHOUSE.—A curious spectacle was presented in Stonehouse on Saturday. At the petty sessions that day four beer-house keepers were fined for having harboured prostitutes in their houses. Soon after the decision of the magistrates had been given, the landlords proceeded from the court to their respective houses, and evicted from their premises the abandoned women, whose presence had occasioned the infliction of the penalty. When the girls found themselves in the street a clamour arose amongst them, which was increased by a proposal that they should form in procession and march at once to the workhouse. A boy with a drum was obtained, and the women, who numbered 100, having by the assistance of some marines formed themselves as proposed, marched four abreast to the Stonehouse workhouse, whereby they were followed by a crowd. On arriving at the entrance to the Union they desired admittance, which was refused by the porter, upon which the women made a rush, knocked down the porter, and pushed their way through the building until they saw Mr. Cox, the master. Mr. Cox declined to permit them to remain in the house, whereupon they made the best of their way back to the houses from which they had been ejected. The landlords, afraid of being made liable for fresh penalties, went together to Superintendent Ross to ask what in their dilemma they should be allowed to do. They requested permission to re-admit the girls until Monday, promising that in the meantime no drunkenness or disorder should occur amongst them if the request was granted. The superintendent, upon the landlords undertaking to maintain order, granted their application.

IMPORTANT TO MOTHERS!—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child, suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of cutting teeth?—if so, go at once to a chemist and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup." It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately; this preparation, which has been in use in America over thirty years, and very highly recommended by medical men, is now sold in this country, with full directions on the bottle. It is pleasant to take and agreeable in all cases; it soothes the child, and gives it rest; softens the gums, and allays all pain, relieves wind in the stomach, and regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for dysentery & diarrhoea, whether it arises from teething or other cause. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and see that "Curtis and Perkins, New York and London," is on the outside wrapper. Price 1s. 1d. per bottle. Sold by chemists and medicine dealers everywhere. Principal office, 203, High Holborn, London.—[Advertisement.]

INTERIOR OF THE GREEK CATHOLIC CHURCH, NICE.

THE celebration of mass in honour of the conception of the Virgin Mary is among one of the most imposing services in the Catholic religion. We give below an illustration of the interior of the Greek Catholic Church at Nice, during its recent celebration. The day, the 8th of December, is also retained in the Calendar of the English Established Church.

The immaculate conception and happy nativity of the Virgin are maintained to have taken place at Loretto, about 150 miles from Rome; and further, that at that particular place, "hallowed by her birth," she was saluted by the angel Gabriel, and that she there nurtured our Saviour until he was twelve years of age. The popular belief readily yielding to that which power dictated, Loretto became one of the richest places in the world, from the numerous pilgrimages and votive presents made to the "Sancta Casa," or "Holy House," to enclose which, a magnificent church was erected and dedicated to the Virgin, hence generally styled "our Lady of Loretto."

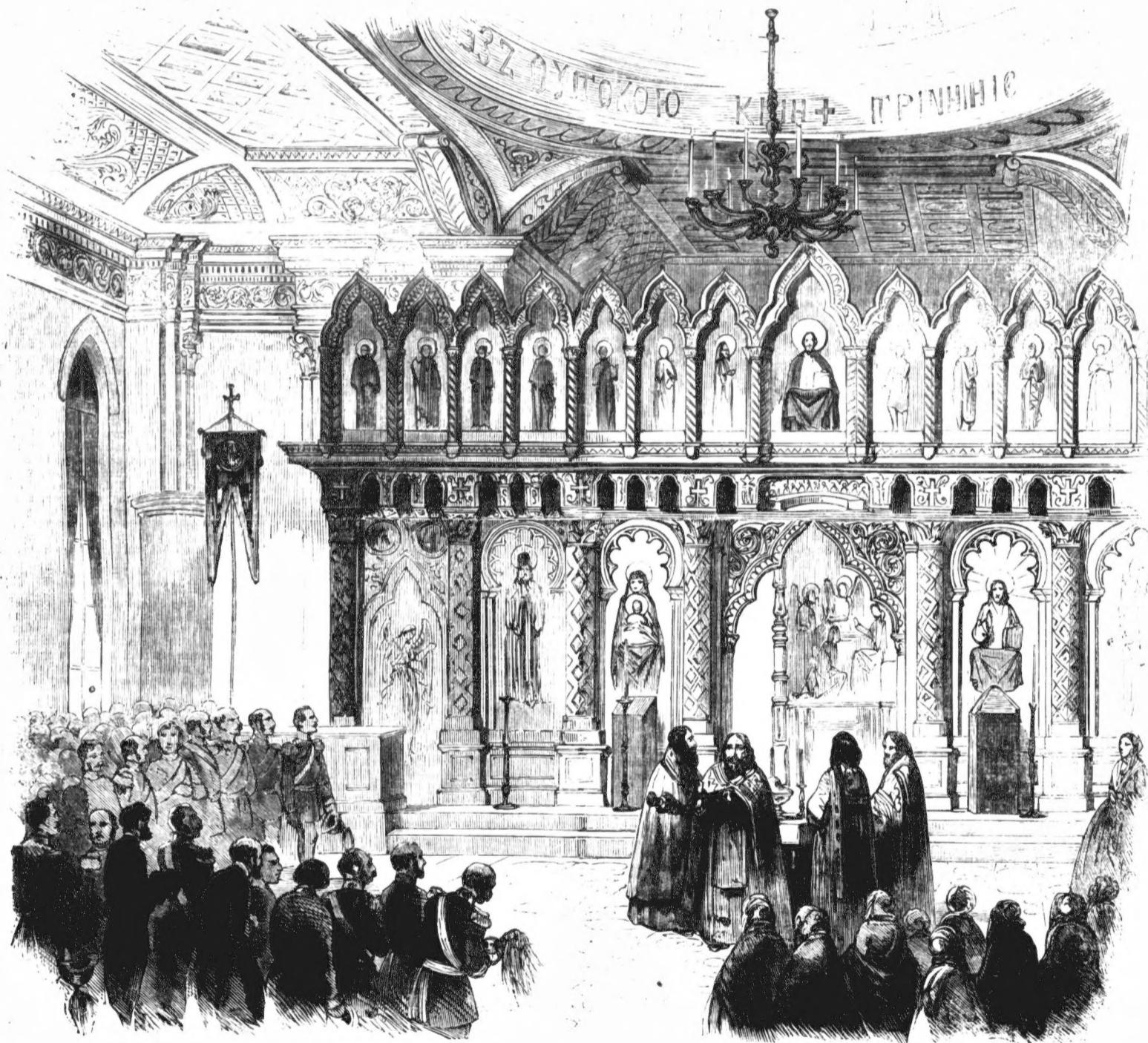
Peter the Lombard originally started the mystery of the immaculate conception in the year 1060; though Baronius affirms, that it was "discovered by revelation" in the year 1109, to one (but his

this mystery, that from the year 1652, the knights of the military orders of St. James of the Sword, Calatrava, and Alcantara, each made a vow at their admission to "defend" the doctrine.

GROSS OUTRAGE BY A YORKSHIRE MAGISTRATE.—We have to lay before our readers the facts connected with one of the most scandalous outrages of justice which has ever been recorded by us, or, we think, any other journal. A few evenings ago a farm labourer, who had just engaged himself to an employer, was proceeding from Thirsk to the residence of the gentleman who had hired him. A short distance from the town he met Mr. Lloyd, chairman of the Thirsk petty sessions, who was on horseback, and, in accordance with the custom of persons of his class, he touched his cap and said, "Good night, sir." Mr. Lloyd "rode at" the lad, and the offender endeavoured to escape from the violence which was evidently about to be offered to him. The boy scrambled through the hedge and beat a retreat, having no idea of the cause of a furious onslaught in return for his courtesy, and Mr. Lloyd dismounted and followed for some distance, at length overtaking him. In order to protect himself, the youth sought the shelter of a bush, but this was of little avail against his aggressor, who applied a loaded whip to his head and shoulders, and ill-used the poor fellow in a shocking manner. The lad's cries of "Murder" brought

PREPARING FOR CHRISTMAS.

MANY philosophers have thought it necessary to apologize for the carnivorous appetite of man. But that is really absurd. They will be recommending, next, hospitals and asylums for the infirm and aged among the brute creation. Such doctrines, however, are not likely to become very popular in England. The animals themselves proclaim against them, for they get plump and good-looking by proper tending, and seem, by implication, to say, "Come and eat me." The best of all reason indeed for slaying them is, that they are fat, and it is a mercy to some of them that would gradually die of plethora, if not saved by the knife from the horrors of so cruel a fate, in their overgrown condition, as thus dying by inches. Besides, nature indicates that man requires in cold weather a considerable augmentation of fat to his diet, and he provides accordingly. As we go northwards, we find the natives indulge more and more in such food. The Russians and Laplanders use train oil as we do butter, only to a greater extent. The Esquimaux again live almost entirely on blubber and seal fat, and that their condition and comfort is vastly improved by such provender, all physiologists and chemists aver, by reason of the much greater amount of natural heat engendered in the system during the process of its digestion. The reverse situation also confirms this, for the negro and Indian



INTERIOR OF THE GREEK CATHOLIC CHURCH AT NICE.

(name is not recorded), "who was a great lover of the Virgin, and daily read her office." On the day he was to be married, however, he was "so much occupied," that this usual piece of devotion escaped his attention until he was in "the nuptial office," when, suddenly recollecting the omission, he sent his bride and all the company home while he performed it. During this pious duty, the Virgin appeared to him with her son in her arms, and reproached him for his neglect, affording, however, the glorious hope of salvation, if he would "quit his wife and consider himself espoused to her," declaring to him the whole of the circumstances of her nativity, which he reported to the Pope, who naturally caused her feast immediately to be instituted.

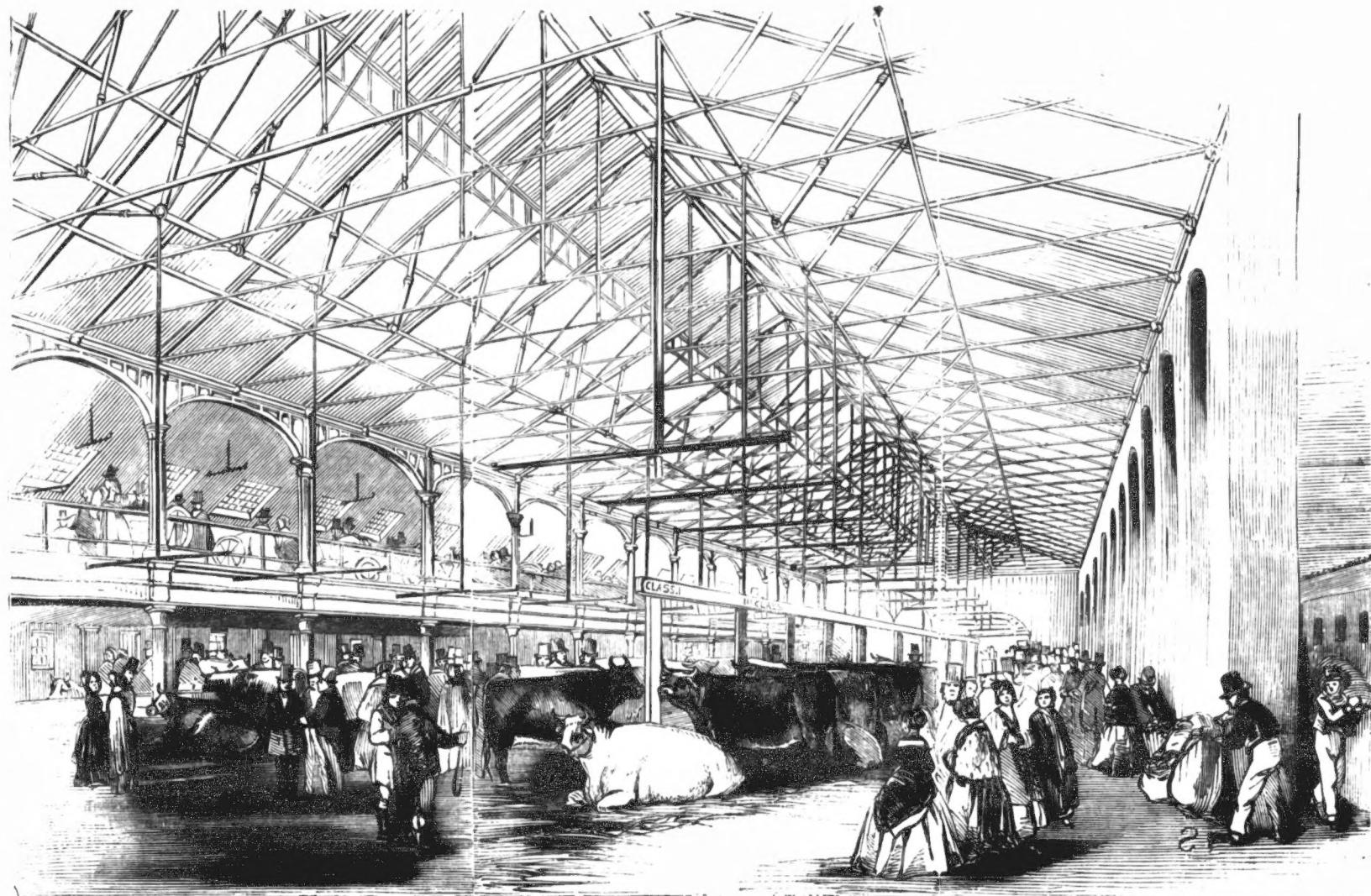
The canons of Lyons attempted to establish an office for this mystery in the year 1136, but Bernard opposed it. The council at Oxford, in 1222, left people at liberty either to observe the day or not. Sixtus IV, however, in the year 1476, ordered it to be generally held in commemoration, although the alleged circumstances attendant upon this immaculate conception are not, even in the Church of Rome, held as an article of faith, but merely reckoned a "pious opinion." The Council of Trent confirmed the ordinances of Sixtus, but without condemning as heretical those who refused to observe it; and Alexander V issued his bull, even commanding that there should not be any discussion upon such an intricate subject. The Spaniards, however, were so strenuous in their belief of

assistance, and two persons residing in the neighbourhood came upon the scene. On their arrival Mr. Lloyd scolded the boy of begging, and requested their assistance in taking him to Bridewell, and the four parties proceeded to Thirsk, where he was, after a short delay, formally charged with this offence before Mr. Ball, another magistrate, the doors of the court being closed. Here Mr. Lloyd had the audacity to attempt to justify the savage attack of which his victim bore such evident marks about his head and body, but the result was an almost immediate dismissal of the prisoner, and the indignation of the inhabitants of the town was such that Mr. Lloyd dared not leave the court-house for a considerable time. The master of the boy happened to be in Thirsk, and was called as a witness, and the circumstances connected with the boy's recent engagement, and the fact of his having just parted from his employer, from whose house he was but a short distance when the attack was made upon him, render it extremely improbable that he should have solicited alms. The boy has been beaten to such an extent that, if his life is not placed in danger, he has been made almost helpless. He is fearfully bruised, and has been under medical treatment ever since. The inhabitants of Thirsk are about to take a step which will, if it is carried out, have the effect of vindicating the character of the Thirsk magistrates, and we trust that it may be the means of restoring confidence in those to whom their liberties are entrusted.—*Richmond and Ripon Chronicle*.

lives almost entirely on vegetable diet, the cooking nature of which is best adapted to their climate. No one therefore can reasonably object to our system of providing for Christmas weather, that fare which experience and observation prove so suitable to the time; and if we have long acted upon a great truth in nature without being aware of it, the direction in which instinct has led us, is an interesting illustration of the same divine instinct in man, which has taught the bee to construct her cell, and the careful ant to provide for future wants. Our illustration on page 421 refers to the cramming process of fattening poultry for our Christmas markets likewise.

AN UNLUCKY PARTNER.—A strange accident has taken place at a public ball at Vienna. An officer became entangled by the crinoline of his partner, and falling, broke one of his legs; the lady rolling over him in her turn, fell on the other leg, and fractured it likewise.

THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.—The modifications in the ceremonies at the opening of parliament which have been alluded to are understood to be that her Majesty, instead of using the old unwieldy state coach, will occupy what is called a drosé carriage; that the robes of state, instead of being actually worn by her Majesty, will be laid upon the Throne; and that the Speech itself, instead of being read by her Majesty, will be read by the Lord Chancellor.



SMITHFIELD CLUB CATTLE SHOW, AGRICULTURAL HALL, ISLINGTON. (See page 423.)



PREPARING FOR CHRISTMAS. (See page 420.)

THE SMITHFIELD CLUB CATTLE SHOW.

The show of fat cattle at the Agricultural Hall this year has been deprived of the prestige of a royal visit. It had been arranged, we are informed, that Prince Arthur would visit the hall on the opening day of the Christmas exhibition; but on Sunday a telegram was received by Mr. Brandreth Gibbs, from Major E. Phinlone, announcing that, in consequence of the death of the King of the Belgians, the arrangements for the visit had been set aside.

By two o'clock, on Monday, the judges, who had begun their labours as early as nine, completed their decisions. Then it was that the ladies and gentlemen in the galleries were allowed to pass thence from the area of the hall; while fresh visitors were admitted, on payment of five shillings at the doors. Then it was, too, that the punching and poking of the beasts became general. The Devons, having more of abstract beauty than other cattle in a state of corpulence can generally boast, were, perhaps, the most attractive to nine-tenths of the public; added to which consideration of elegance and symmetry was the well-known fact that the animals exhibited in the Devon classes, under the name of Major-General Hood, are from the royal farm at Windsor, and are in reality contributed by the Prince of Wales to this great annual display. In Class 1, which is limited to Devon steers under two years and six months old, the first prize is gained by Mr. John Overman's exceedingly well-bred animal, by whose side, however, the beast which brings a second prize to the Prince of Wales did not appear to any great disadvantage. From point to point it was not quite so straight as Mr. Overman's handsome steer, which last-mentioned beast was furthermore distinguished by the close, crisp, curly coat that is thought to be a sign of hardness; whereas the Prince's animal showed a skin as sleek and shining as that of a racehorse. In the next class, which is for the same breed, but of an age that may extend to three years and three months, the very smallest specimen—and, though shapely and compact, by no means the most remarkable for such points as buyers covet—is from the royal farm; and it was unrewarded by the judges either with prizes or commendation. Mr. John Overman is, in fact, justly first in this as in the preceding class; and Mr. John Burton, at some little distance in the general merit of his beast—which is rather deficient in squareness and solidity—is second. The third prize has fallen to Mr. John Coote, who, with Mr. Harry Frampton and Mr. William Smith, stands well in the competition.

It is in the class of Devon steers or oxen above three years and three months old that the Prince gains his great victory—a victory that was within a shade of becoming a triumph. First in its class, the ox entered by General Hood was only after a long struggle of opinion among the judges deprived of the leading honours of the show. When, after the prizes in the several classes had been awarded, seventeen representative animals were led forth to compete for the gold medal of the Smithfield Club, the most conspicuous were this Devon ox and a splendid Highland beast. When the number of animals competing for the medal had been gradually sifted and weeded down to two, and when these two were seen to be the Prince of Wales's Devon and the Duke of Sutherland's ox, there was breathless suspense among the surrounding spectators. The contrast between the two animals was indeed so striking, that the common difficulty of comparing merits that are naturally dissimilar was here felt to reach an extraordinary height. There stood the meek and elegant type of bovine beauty, almost surpassing that ideal which is to be formed by a study of the points of Devon breeding; and there beside it stood the shaggy, impatient, wild-eyed mountaineer, "all beef except his horns," as a hardman said; to whom, in quick reply from a smart cockney neighbour, came the asseverating verdict, "All useful, except what's ornamental." The approximation in colour was almost the only point of resemblance; and even here the similarity was incomplete, by several shades of brown. In short, it would be impossible to imagine two oxen, fitted by fitness and all essential qualities of adaptability to oxen for entry in a show, and yet so opposite in character as these. After a long debate, the judgment was given for the Highlander; but a partial predilection for the Devon ox evidently followed that animal back to his stall. A supplementary, or rather a special, rosette of red and white ribbon was then affixed to the head-rail of the stall in which the Duke of Sutherland's ox is quartered, as a token of the "double first" having been adjudged his due.

Among the remaining oxen, steers, cows, and heifers of the Devon breed, prominent and successful exhibitors are Mr. John Walter, of Bearwood; Mr. William Heath, of Ludham Hall; and Mr. Walter Farthing, of Stowey Court, in Somersetshire. The Hereford breed was, on the whole, well represented; though in the class of young steers there were only two entries. The first prize in the class for Hereford steers over two years and six months old, but not exceeding three years and three months, was taken by Mr. Lewis Lloyd; and the eligibility of his animal may be at once taken for granted, on the admission of several less distinguished competitors that the judgment was "all right enough."

DEVON STEERS.

Class 1.—Devon Steers, not exceeding two years six months old: 1st prize, John Overman, Burnham-Sutton, Burnham Market, Norfolk; 2nd, Major-General the Hon. A. N. Wood, Cumberland Lodge, Windsor, Berks.

Class 2.—Devon steers, not exceeding three years three months: 1st prize, John Overman, Burnham-Sutton, Burnham Market, Norfolk; 2nd, John Burton, Pennyhill, Shobrooke, Crediton, Devon; 3rd, John Coote, Hammerton, Blandford, Somerset.

Class 3.—Devon steers or oxen, above three years and three months old: 1st prize, Major-General the Hon. A. N. Wood, Cumberland Lodge, Windsor. 2nd, William Heath, Ludham Hall, Norfolk; 3rd, Thomas Bond, Park, North Petherton, Bridgewater, Somerset.

Class 4.—Devon heifers, not exceeding four years old: 1st prize, Walter Farthing, Stowey Court, Bridgewater, Somerset. 2nd, John Walter, Bearwood, Wokingham, Berks. 3rd, John Blomfield, Warham, Wells-next-the-Sea, Norfolk.

Class 5.—Devon cows, about four years old, that must have had at least one live calf: 1st prize, William Heath, Ludham Hall, Norfolk. 2nd, William Smith, Higher Hooper, Exeter, Devon. 3rd, Walter Farthing, Stowey Court, Bridgewater, Somerset.

HEREFORDS.

Class 6.—Hereford steers, not exceeding two years six months old: 1st prize, Edward Tanner, jun., Hepton Castle, Ashton-on-Clun, Salop. 2nd, Henry Bettidge, East Hanney, Wantage, Berks.

Class 7.—Hereford steers, not exceeding three years and three months: Lewis Lloyd, Monks Orchard, Addington, Surrey; Robert Worley, Shiffield Hall, Aylsham, Norfolk. 2nd, the Earl of Derby, Cobham Hall, Gravesend, Kent.

Class 8.—Hereford steers or oxen, above three years and three months old: 1st prize, Wm. Heath, Ludham, Norfolk. 2nd, A. Pike, Mitton, Tewkesbury, Gloucester. 3rd, R. Worley, Suffolk Hall, Aylsham, Norfolk.

Class 9.—Hereford heifers, not exceeding four years old: 1st prize, Thos. Jones, Shrewsbury, Salop. 2nd, Thos. Garie, Compton Scorpion, Shipton-on-Swale, Warwick. 3rd, A. Pike, Mitton, Tewkesbury, Gloucester.

Class 10.—Hereford cows, above four years old: 1st prize, H. Bettidge, East Hanney, Wantage, Berks; 2nd, A. T. James, Mornington-on-Wye, Hereford. 3rd, R. W. Bridgewater, Great Portham, Taunton, Brecon.

SHORT-HORNS.

Class 11.—Short-horned steers, not exceeding two years six months old: 1st prize, James How, Broughton, Huntingdon. 2nd, the Earl of Aylesford, Packington Hall, Coventry, Warwick.

Class 12.—1st prize, J. and W. Warton, Aberdeen. 2nd Henry Greenway, Hambrook, Bristol, Gloucestershire. 3rd, G. S. Foljambe, Grafton Hall, Worksop, Nottingham.

Class 13.—Short-horned steers or oxen above three years old: 1st prize and gold medal, William Henry Baker, Cottamore, Oakham, Rutland. 2nd, Earl Spencer, Althorp, Northampton. 3rd, The Hon. Colenel Pennant, M.P., Penrhyn Castle, Bangor, Carnarvon.

Class 14.—Short-horned heifers, not exceeding four years old: 1st prize and gold medal, the Earl of Radnor, Coleshill, Highworth. 2nd, The Earl of Hardwicke, Wimpole, Arrington, Cheshire. 3rd, Frederick Stoneham, of Orsford, near Eridge.

Class 15.—Short-horned-cows, above four years old, that must have had at least one calf: 1st prize, William Aldworth, Fritton, Abingdon, Berks. 2nd, R. J. Newton, Campfield Farm, Woodstock, Oxford. 3rd, J. Lynn, Church Farm, Stroton, Grantham, Lincoln.

SUSSEX BREED.

Class 16.—Sussex steers or oxen not exceeding three years old: 1st prize, J. E. and A. Heasman, Augmering, Arundel, Sussex. 2nd, J. Napper, Lee Farm, Wiborough-green, Horsham, Sussex.

Class 17.—Sussex steers or oxen, above three years old: 1st prize, Thomas Burton, The Grove, Robertsbridge, Hurst-green, Sussex. 2nd, Edward Gane, Berwick-court, Lewes, Sussex. 3rd, J. Shoomith, Berwick, Lewes, Sussex.

Class 18.—Sussex heifers not exceeding four years old: 1st prize, J. Shoomith, Berwick, Lewes, Sussex. 2nd, Lee Steere, of Jays-park, Dorking, Surrey.

Class 19.—Sussex cows, above four years old: 1st prize, John and Alfred Heasman, Augmering, Arundel, Sussex. 2nd, William Bottin, Westm. on-the-Hill, Hurstbridge, Sussex.

Class 20.—Norfolk and Suffolk polled steers or oxen of any age: 1st prize, Mrs. Boate, Easton, North Walsham, Norfolk.

Class 21.—Norfolk and Suffolk polled heifers of any age: 1st prize, Robert C. Cooke, Livermere, Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk. 2nd, J. Overman, Burnham-Sutton, Burnham-market, Norfolk.

Class 22.—Long-horned steer or oxen of any age: Only one entry, which, of course, got the prize—R. H. Chapman, Upton, Nuneaton, Warwick.

Class 23.—First long-horned heifers or cows of any age: Only one entry, R. H. Chapman, Upton, Nuneaton, Warwick.

SCOTCH HORNS.

Class 24.—Scotch horned steers or oxen of any age: 1st prize, the Duke of Sutherland, Dunrobin Mains, Golspie, Sutherlandshire. 2nd, Wm. Bantury, Prospect Hill Park, Reading, Berks. No third prize.

Class 25.—Scotch horned heifers or cows of any age: 1st prize, R. Eastwood, Thoresby Holme, Clitheroe, Lancaster. 2nd, A. Pollock, Lismore, Ballinasloe, Galway.

SCOTCH POLLED.

Class 26.—Scotch polled steers or oxen of any age: 1st prize, Andrew Longmore, Lissfield Rathe, Baff. 2nd, Wm. McCombie, Tillyfour, Aberdeen.

Class 27.—1st prize, Wm. McCombie, Tillyfour, Aberdeen. No other entry.

IRISH BREED.

Class 28.—Irish steers or oxen of any age: 1st prize, Allan Pollock, Lismore, Ballinasloe, Galway. 2nd, Thomas Bridge Ramsey, Tyrel, Ingastone, Essex.

Class 29.—Irish heifers or cows of any age: 1st prize, Allan Pollock, Lismore, Ballinasloe, Galway. 2nd, Lord Berners, Keythorpe Hall, Leicestershire. These two were the only entries.

WELSH BREED.

Class 30.—Welsh steers or oxen (cows) of every age: 1st prize, the Hon. Colonel Pennant, M.P., Pencraig Castle, Blaenavon, Gwent. 2nd, Wm. Frankish, Limber Megna, Ulcombe, Lincoln.

Class 31.—Welsh heifers or cows of any age: No entry.

CROSS OR MIXED BREED CATTLE.

Class 32.—Cross or mixed breed steers or oxen not exceeding three years old: 1st prize, Samuel Drane, Bynham, Oxford. 2nd, James Stewart, 2, New Market, Aberdeen. 3rd, H. Overman, Weasenham, Brandon, Norfolk.

Class 33.—Crossed or mixed breed steers or oxen: 1st prize, John Napper, Lee Farm, Wiborough-green, Horsham, Sussex. 2nd, J. W. Martin, Aberdeen. 3rd, Thos. Bond, Park, North Petherton, Bridgewater, Somerset.

Class 34.—Cross or mixed breed heifers not exceeding four years old: 1st prize, J. and W. Martin, Aberdeen. 2nd, Henry Bettidge, East Hanney, Wantage, Berks.

SHEEP.

Class 35.—Fat wether sheep of the Leicester breed, one year old (under twenty-three months): 1st prize, Lord Berners, Keythorpe Hall, Leicestershire. 2nd, Francis Jordan, Eastburn, Driffield, York. 3rd, William Brown, Highgate Farm, Holme, near Spalding Moor, York.

Class 36.—Fat wether sheep of the Leicester breed, one year old (under twenty-three months): each sheep not to exceed 220lb live weight: 1st prize, Lord Berners, Keythorpe Hall, Leicestershire. Joseph Newman, Harrowden, Bedford. Christopher James Bradshaw, Alston House, Burley-on-the-Hill, Oakham, Rutland.

Class 37.—Fat wether sheep of the Cotswold breed, one year old (under twenty-three months): 1st prize, Charles Kearsey, Gloucester Rose, Hereford. 2nd, J. K. Tombs, Langford, Lechlade, Gloucestershire. 3rd, John Walter Bearwood, Wokingham, Berks.

Class 38.—Fat wether sheep of the Lincoln breed, one year old (under twenty-three months): 1st prize, H. Grantham, Scawby Brigg, Lincoln. 2nd, J. Edwards Duckworth, Kimbolton, Huntingdon. 3rd, William Greenham, Stainfield, Wraysby, Lincoln.

Class 39.—Fat wether sheep of the Kentish or Romney Marsh breed, one year old (under twenty-three months): 1st prize, J. Newport, Elmsted Court, Ashford, Kent. 2nd, Sir Courtney Honeywood, Bart., Brixham-place, Ashford, Kent.

Class 40.—Fat wether long-wooled sheep (not being Leicestershire, Cotswold, Lincoln, or Kentish), one year old (under twenty-three months): 1st prize, J. Newman, Harrowden, Bedford. 2nd, Fred. St. Barrowden, Bedford.

Class 41.—Fat wether sheep of the Southdown breed, one year old (under twenty-three months): 1st prize, Lord Sondes, Elmham Hall, Thetford, Norfolk. 2nd, Lord Walsingham, Merton Hall, Thetford, Norfolk. 3rd, the Earl of Radnor, Colehill, Highworth.

Class 42.—Fat wether sheep of the Southdown breed, one year old (under twenty-three months): 1st prize, Lord Sondes, Elmham Hall, Thetford, Norfolk. 2nd, Hugh H. Penfold, Selsley, Chichester, Sussex. 3rd, the Duke of Richmond, Goodwood, Chichester, Sussex.

Class 43.—Fat wether Southdown sheep, under thirty-five months: 1st prize, Earl of Radnor, Colehill, Wilts. 2nd, Lord Walsingham, Thetford. 3rd, Duke of Richmond, Goodwood.

Class 44.—Fat wether sheep, Hants or Wilts, under twenty-three months: 1st prize, W. F. Bennett, Chilmark, Salisbury. 2nd, W. B. Canning, Elston Hill, Devizes. 3rd, R. and J. Russell, Horton Kirby, Dartford.

Class 45.—Fat wether Shropshire sheep: 1st prize, H. Smith, Sutton Mandeville, Shropshire. 2nd, Lord Wenlock, Bourton Cottage, Much Wenlock. 3rd, E. Holland, Dumbleton Hall, Gloucestershire.

Class 46.—Fat wether sheep of the Oxfordshire breed, one year (under twenty-three months): 1st prize, Duke of Marlborough, Blenheim Palace, Woodstock, Oxford. 2nd, Samuel Drane, Eynsham, Oxfordshire. 3rd, Thomas James, Cope, Bedford.

Class 47.—Fat wether sheep of any white-faced mountain breed, of any age: 1st prize, John Tapp, Twichet, South Molton, Devon.

2nd, Henry H. Ball, Nankridge Farm, West Monkton, Tawton, Somerset. 3rd, William Smith, Higher Hooper, Exeter, Devon.

Class 48.—Fat wether sheep of any black-faced or speckled faced mountain breeds, of any age: 1st prize, Jonathan Peel, Knowhere Manor, Clitheroe, Yorkshire. 2nd, James McGill Rotchell, Dumfries, Kirkcudbright.

Class 49.—Fat wether sheep of the Ryeland, Cheviot, Dorset, or any other pure breed not specified in any of the foregoing divisions: 1st prize, J. B. Downing, Holme Lacey, Hereford, Ryeland. 2nd, J. McGill, Betchell, Dumfries, Kirkcudbright.

Class 50.—Long and short woolled cross-bred fat wether sheep, one year old (under twenty-three months): 1st prize, George Hine, jun., Oakley, Bedford. 2nd, John Overman, Burnham, Sutton, Barnham Market, Norfolk. 3rd, Thomas James, Octagon House, Copple, Bedford.

Class 51.—Long and short woolled cross-bred fat wether sheep, one year old (not exceeding twenty-three months), each sheep not exceeding 220 lbs weight: 1st prize, George Hine, jun., Oakley, Bedford. 2nd, John Overman, Burnham-Sutton, Barnham Market, Norfolk.

SILVER CUPS.

Silver cup, value £40, to the exhibitor, for the best steer or ox in any of the classes, to the Duke of Sutherland; and gold medal to breeder.

Silver cup, value £40, to the exhibitor, for the best heifer or cow in any of the classes, to the Earl of Radnor; and gold medal to breeder.

Silver cup, value £20, to the exhibitor, for the best pen of Leicesters, Cotswolds, Lincoln, Kentish, or other long-wooled breed, in any of the classes, to Lord Berners.

Silver cup, value £20, to the exhibitor, for the best pen of one year old South Down or Wiltshire Down, to Lord Sondes.

Silver cup, value £20, to the exhibitor, for the best pen of Shropshire, Oxfordshire, cross-breed, or any other breed of sheep (not specified in prize list) in any of the classes, to the Duke of Marlborough.

Silver cup, value £20, to the exhibitor, for the best pen of pigs in any of the classes, to the Earl of Radnor.

EXTRA STOCK—SILVER MEDAL.

Fat Leicester wether: J. B. Jordan, Driffield. Ditto, ewe: W. Brown, Holme-on-Spalding Moor, York.

Long-wooled (not Leicester): H. Grantham, Scawby, Brigg, Lincoln.

South Devon wether: Lord Sondes, Thetford.

Southdown ewe: Lord Sondes, Thetford.

Short-wooled, not Southdown: J. Lawrence, of Bulbridge, Salisbury, Wilts.

Cross-bred Long and Short-wooled: G. Hine, Oakley, Bedford.

NAPHTHA LAMPS.—On Monday, Mr. W. J. Payne, deputy coroner for the city, held an inquest at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, relative to the death of John Millard, aged thirty-two years. Mr. Henry Cameron said that he was foreman to the sub-contractor of the Finsbury Extension of the Metropolitan Railway. On Friday week the deceased and a number of others were employed under him at the new station in Charles-street, Finsbury-road. At half-past six o'clock in the evening the deceased, who was the storekeeper, went into the store-room with two men. They carried a lamp, the room being a wooden house under one of the railway arches. In a few minutes the witness heard a loud explosion, as if a quantity of gunpowder had blown up. There were screams from the men, and one of them, Charles Beach, was cut out in flames. The witness rushed into the store-room to the assistance of the other men, and found the whole place on fire and the deceased in flames. He was pulled out on to the platform, and with great difficulty the fire was put out. The witness asked the deceased what had happened, and he answered that the naphtha had exploded. He and the other man, Charles Beach, were sent to the hospital fearfully burnt. Charles Beach, who appeared covered with bandages, said that he was an iron filer employed in the construction of the roof of the new station. When the deceased and he went into the stores the deceased complained of the bad light given by the oil lamp which he had to work by. There was no oil in store, and the deceased said that he would fill the lamp with naphtha. He went to one of the three gallon jars containing naphtha, and filled his oil lamp with it, and then lighted it and placed it on the ground. While he was yet stooping down over it the naphtha in the lamp exploded and set him on fire. The place was instantly in a blaze. The witness was set on fire and had to run out of the place. The proper naphtha lamps were made in a peculiar manner, so as to prevent the spirit of the naphtha evaporating and exploding. The lamp that deceased filled with naphtha, for want of oil, was a common oil lamp, and had no contrivance of the kind. Naphtha was generally used at railway works for the sake of the brilliant light. John Beach said that when the explosion took place the naphtha spread about the floor, and flew in flames over the walls. It was found almost impossible to extinguish it. Mr. F. Tattersall, engineer in charge of the works at the Charles-street Station, said that the deceased had care of the whole of the stores. It was his duty if the oil was out to report the fact to his employers. The accident, no doubt, arose from the deceased being ignorant of the difference that existed between oil and naphtha lamps. Mr. Bloom, house surgeon, said that Millard was brought to the hospital dreadfully burnt over the face, arms, and body. He lingered for a week, and then died from his injuries. The Coroner having summed up, the jury returned a verdict, "That deceased died from injuries received from the accidental explosion of a naphtha lamp, and that no person ought to have charge of naphtha lamps who did not thoroughly understand the use of them."

PROPOSED MEMORIAL TO LORD PALMERSTON AT SOUTHAMPTON.—A public meeting, convened by Mr. Emmanuel, the Mayor of Southampton, was held at the Guildhall on Monday afternoon, to consider a proposition to erect, in one of the public parks of Southampton, a memorial to the late Lord Palmerston. The meeting was numerously attended. The mayor, having been requested to preside, briefly opened the proceedings, and called upon Mr. Emmanuel Currie, who moved the first resolution as follows:—"That this meeting highly appreciates the resolution of the council for erecting a lasting memorial to the late Lord Palmerston in one of the public parks in Southampton; and pledges itself to give full effect to such resolution." Mr. Falvey seconded the motion, which was carried unanimously. Colonel Tryon proposed, "That several gentlemen, with power to add to their number, be appointed a joint-committee with the town council, and that they be requested to take such steps as may be deemed necessary for obtaining subscriptions towards erecting the proposed lasting memorial to the late Viscount Palmerston." This, having been seconded by Dr. Clarke, was agreed to. Mr. J. Sharp then proposed that the proceedings be advertised in the newspapers, together with the first list of subscriptions. The Rev. S. M. Innes seconded the motion, which was agreed to. A vote of thanks to the mayor was carried by acclamation, and in replying to the compliment Mr. Emmanuel said £160 had been already subscribed by the town council alone. It may be stated that the whole of the speakers disclaimed any rivalry with the project for erecting a costly memorial at Romsey, the late premier's birthplace, and most gentlemen were of opinion that sufficient money can be raised in Southampton alone.

CHRISTMAS PRESENT.—A FIRST-RATE WRITING CASE for 2s. (or free by post for 2s. airm), fitted with Writing-paper, Envelopes, Pens and Pens, Writing-book, &c. THE PRIZE OF 20 GUINEAS AND SILVER MEDAL was given by the SOCIETY OF ARTS for its utility, durability, and cheapness. 400,000 have already been sold. To be had of

PARKINS and GORRO, 25, Oxford-street, London.—[Advertisement]

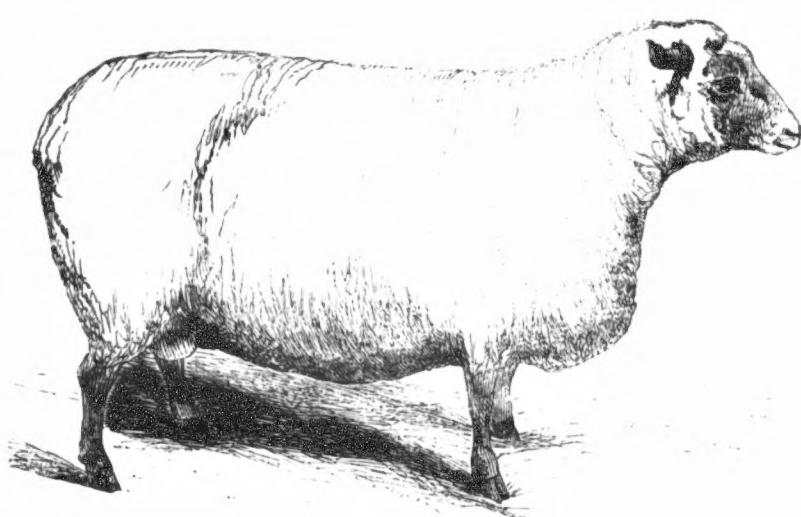


THE SMITHFIELD CLUB CATTLE SHOW.—THE PRIZE SHORT HORN OF THE YEAR. (See page 123.)

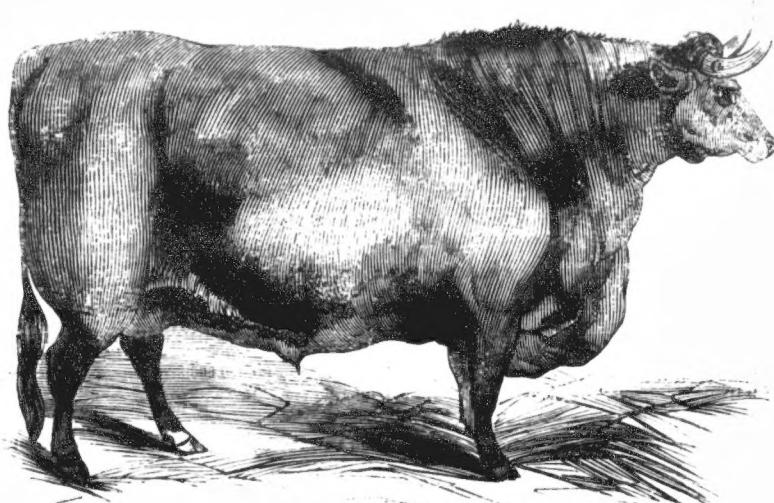
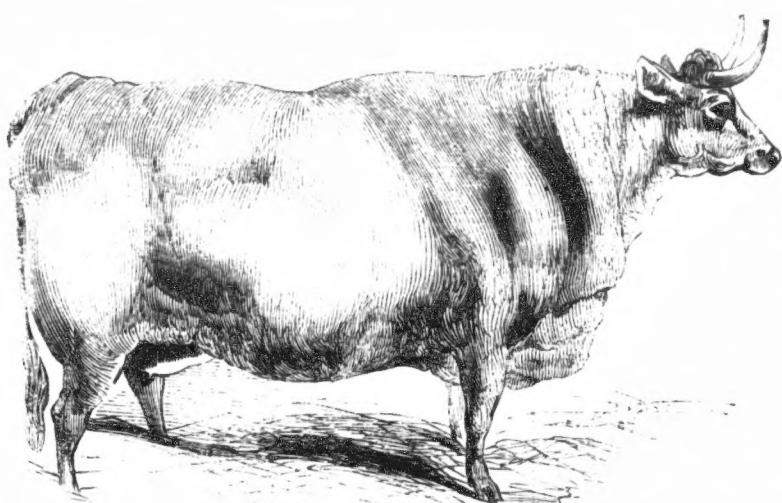
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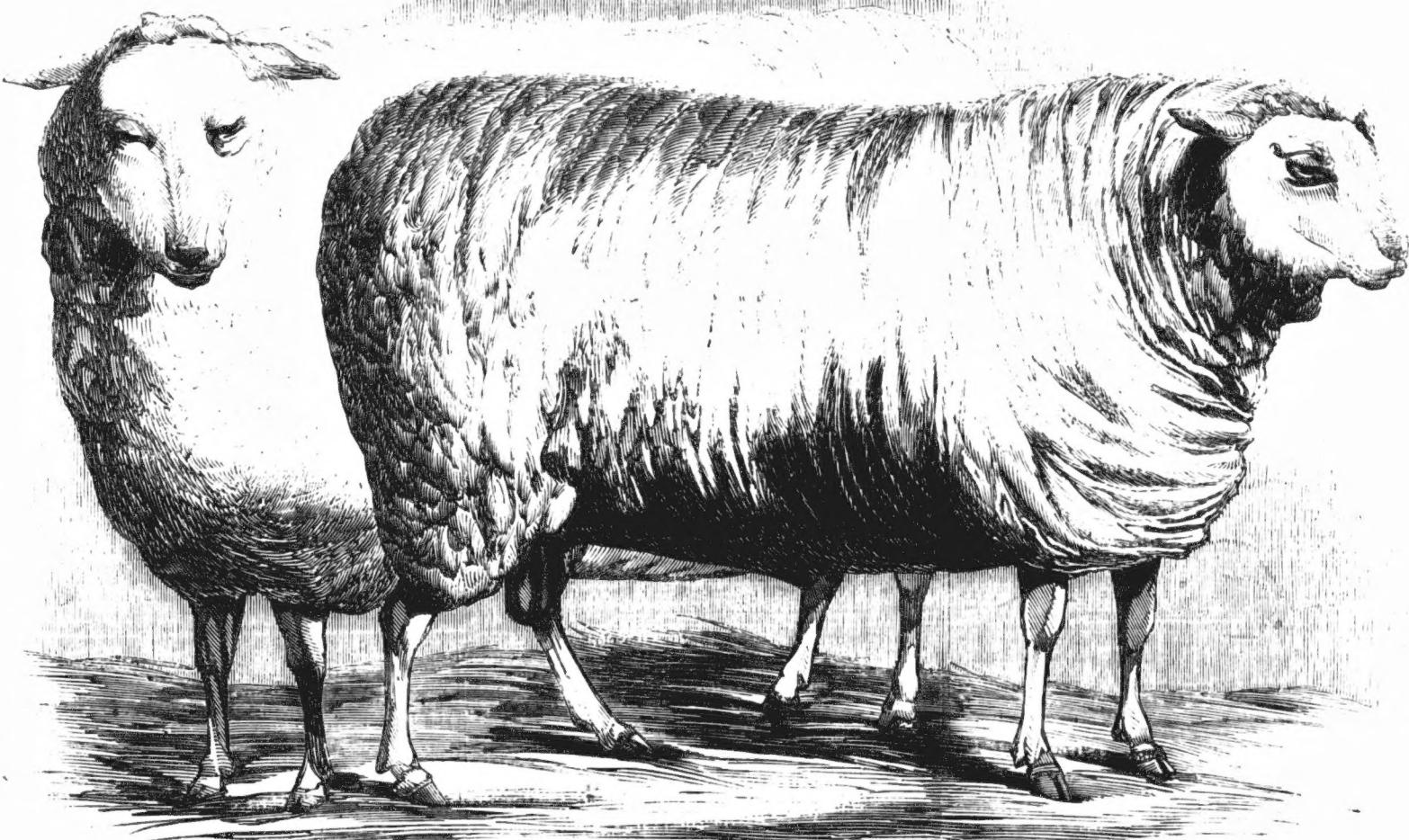
PRIZE PIG, from Earl Radnor's Pen.



SHORT WOOLLED FAT WETHER. Bred by the Earl of Radnor.



SHORT HORNED DEVONS, exhibited by Major-General the Hon. A. N. Hood, Cumberland Lodge, Windsor.



SOUTHDOWN SHEEP. Exhibited by Lord Waldegrave, of Norfolk.

Theatricals, Music, etc.

HER MAJESTY'S.—Sig. Arditi's concerts have been repeated during the week to the usual full and fashionable audiences. The grand *bal d'opéra* takes place on Tuesday, the 19th. On Friday the 22nd, Miss Bateman will take a farewell benefit here. She will appear in "Romeo and Juliet."

OLYMPIC.—A new drama, in four acts, entitled "Henry Dunbar; or, the Outcast," founded on Miss Braddon's novel, "Henry Dunbar," was produced here on Saturday evening last. In some places the piece hung threateningly, and the audience seemed wearied by the dullness of the dialogue. Miss Kate Terry plays with all that sweetness and extreme naturalness of manner which have made her so universal a favourite. The one powerful scene, the first meeting of Margaret with her father, showed real tragic passion and force, and was the culminating point of the performance. Miss Eileen Leslie, a young provincial lady, who made her first appearance at the Olympic, sustained the character of Laura Dunbar with much grace and the most perfect ease. Miss E. Farren performed Mary Madden with the sprightliest humour and animation. The Major, by Mr. G. Vincent, and Henry Dunbar, by Mr. H. Neville, were admirable performances. The characters of Henry Carter, a detective, by Mr. R. Souter; and Jarrams, head waiter at the George, by Mr. H. Cooper, are entitled to a word of special praise. After considerable applause after all the performers had appeared, Mr. Horace Wigan came on and announced "Henry Dunbar" for repetition every evening until further notice. Those who have read Miss Braddon's novels will always find too great a pander to the morbid taste. In "Henry Dunbar" the same vein prevails, and we doubt if it will have a very successful run.

THE THEATRES have presented little for further notice this week, although numerous benefits have taken place.

THE AGRICULTURAL HALL will again open as a cirque hippodrome at Christmas. A strong array of attractions and talent are announced.

CRISTAL PALACE.—The tenth Saturday concert opened with Schumann's symphony in C major (No. 2 first time here), succeeded by Weber's song from "Der Freischütz," "Träte an den," well delivered by Mlle. Siutko, the viola obligato by Mr. Stirling. Then came Signor Stagno with the well-known barcarolle from "Masnuello," without the well-known chorus, which he sang in his usual effervescent manner. Mlle. Edie sang two songs, Mozart's song "Voi che sapete" and Mendelssohn's "Last violet," both of which she sang well, the lovely air of Cherubino the most effective. The last vocal piece in the programme was a song entitled "La Volatile" (Beethoven). The instrumental pieces besides the symphony, were a "Fantaisie caprice" of M. Vieuxtemps, played by Mr. Blagrove; M. Gounod's "Hymne à St. Cecile" (for solo violin and orchestra); and Mendelssohn's overture to "Fliegende Cava." Mr. Henry Smart's cantata, "The Bride of Dunkerton," is announced for performance this day (Saturday).

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—"Israel in Egypt" was given for the first time on Friday evening, the 8th, and filled Exeter Hall in every part. The principal vocalists were Madams Lemmens-Sherrington, Madams Salston-Dolby, Miss Robertine Henderson, Messrs. Sims, Reeves, Montagu Smith, Weiss, and Bonwick. The long series of choral movements which constitute the first part of the work were, with one exception, magnificently sung, and in some instances the choir literally surpassed themselves, more particularly in the "Hailstone chorus," which, despite the pointed interdiction, was rapturously encored and repeated. The edict against encores was also broken through in the case of the duet, "The Lord is a man of war," sung by Messrs. Weiss and Bonwick, and the air, "The enemy said," sung by Mr. Sims Reeves. The last, indeed, created an uproar such as has seldom been heard in Exeter Hall, and the demand for a repetition was simply irresistible. Mr. Reeves was forced to comply, despite his known unwillingness to accede to popular clamour. Madame Lemmens-Sherrington sang the soprano music with her wonted brilliancy. We have seldom heard the fine air, "Thou didst blow," given with greater point and force. In the duet for two sopranos, "The Lord is my strength," Madame Sherrington was joined by Miss Robertine Henderson, one of our most rising young singers, and the performance was admirable on both sides. Madame Salston-Dolby showed her best strength in the lovely air, "Thou shalt bring them in," which for smoothness of singing and purity of style could not be transcended. The first Christmas performance of the "Messiah" was announced for yesterday (Friday).

MADAME IDA KRUGER'S CONCERTS.—At the fifth of Madame Ida Kruger's series of concerts given at Westbourne Hall, Westbourne-grove, on Saturday evening last, Mr. W. Harrison, the highly popular baritone, late manager of the English Opera at Her Majesty's Theatre, and joint manager of the Royal English Opera at Covent Garden, made his first appearance in public since his recent severe illness. Mr. Harrison, who was received on his entrance with great warmth, sang the air of, "Wilt thou think of me," from Baile's "Blanche de Nevers," and "The Muleteer," from the same composer's "Rose of Castile," and was enthusiastically encored in both songs. In his singing, as well as in his looks, Mr. Harrison betrayed no symptoms even of the effects of indisposition, and sang with all his wonted vigour and feeling, the delicate and surprising management of the falsetto voice, for which he was formerly noted, being as conspicuous as ever. Mr. Harrison's attack was so serious that at one time the utmost fears were entertained for his recovery. The performance of Saturday is satisfactory to his friends and the public as showing that the esteemed and favourite tenor is restored to full possession of his powers. Madame Ida Kruger is a German *Lieder* singer of the true Teutonic stamp. Her style is too metronomic, but her voice is of good quality, and she sings like a professor. Some *Lieder* by Schubert and Mendelssohn, the song, "I watched him," from Macfarren's "Helenvellyn," and the air, "Und ob die Wolke" from "Der Freischütz," made up her selection, best of which—it is hard to say why—was the English song, which, in reality, was very nicely given, and made a corresponding impression. The instrumental performances were given by Madame Rous, Miss Jessie Reid, and Herr A. Ries (pianoforte), and Herr Daubert (violincello), best of which was Mendelssohn's "Tema con Variazioni" for pianoforte and violincello, played by Madame Rous and Herr Daubert. Madame Rous has a powerful finger, and Herr Daubert is expert on the thick strings. Herr Adolph Ries conducted. The company was numerous and elegant.

THE ALLEGANIAN VOCALISTS AND SWISS BELLRINGERS gave their first concert at St. James's Hall on Wednesday evening. Their performances were highly appreciated, but we cannot this week enter into details.

MR. AND MRS. HOWARD PAUL.—A new and highly-successful character sketch has lately been added to the entertainment nightly given by these popular artists. It is called "Hippies on the Lake," and is acted with great spirit. In his wife's diary Mr. Dove finds certain expressions of disgust at her humdrum sort of life. He immediately resolves to check this spirit of dissatisfaction, and demonstrate that quiet domestic life is the life after all. Dove feigns an attachment for another lady, declares himself devoted to private theatricals and dancing, and ruffles the lake with sundry other "ripples." This brings Mrs. Dove to her sober senses, and of course contributes to the happiness of both. Mrs. Howard Paul, as Mr. Sims Reeves, sings a ballad, "The White Daisy," by Tom Hood; and Mr. Paul perpetrates the popular "Ka-foo-zum."

MRS. ALFRED MELLON.—We are happy to announce that this esteemed member of the Adelphi company is now recovering, though slowly, from the severe illness with which she has been afflicted.

MR. HENRY LINGARD, who has been suffering over two years with insanity, was on Tuesday week removed to Cooney Hatch. His last engagement was with Mr. Phelps, at Sadler's Wells.

The Court.

Her Majesty the Queen and the royal family, attended by the ladies and gentlemen attached to the Court, are expected to leave Windsor Castle for Osborne. It is not anticipated that her Majesty will remain longer than a few weeks in the Isle of Wight, when the Court will again return to Windsor.

On Saturday, their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales left Gunton Hall, Norfolk, where they had been spending a few days with Lord and Lady Suffield. They travelled in open carriages from Gunton to Elmham, where it had been arranged that they should lunch with Lord and Lady Somers. Every preparation had been made for the reception of the royal visitors, but at the last minute a message was received by the Prince—supposed to have some allusion to the state of his Majesty the King of the Belgians—which caused a change in the arrangements, and their royal highnesses at once went to Lynn and Sandringham.

Her Majesty received on Sunday afternoon, with profound sorrow, the announcement of the loss which has fallen on her Majesty and the royal family by the death of the King of the Belgians—her Majesty's last surviving uncle, and the last of his generation of the House of Saxe-Coburg. The loss, though not unexpected, is not less felt by the Queen, who, in the King of the Belgians, has lost a most affectionate relation and a most sagacious adviser, a friend and counsellor of the Prince Consort, to whom he was warmly attached, and whom from childhood the Queen had looked upon in the light of a father, whose interest in the Queen's welfare was unceasing, and whose kindness the Queen will never forget.—*Court Paper*.

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CRISTAL PALACE.—The tenth Saturday concert opened with Schumann's symphony in C major (No. 2 first time here), succeeded by Weber's song from "Der Freischütz," "Träte an den," well delivered by Mlle. Siutko, the viola obligato by Mr. Stirling. Then came Signor Stagno with the well-known barcarolle from "Masnuello," without the well-known chorus, which he sang in his usual effervescent manner. Mlle. Edie sang two songs, Mozart's song "Voi che sapete" and Mendelssohn's "Last violet," both of which she sang well, the lovely air of Cherubino the most effective. The last vocal piece in the programme was a song entitled "La Volatile" (Beethoven). The instrumental pieces besides the symphony, were a "Fantaisie caprice" of M. Vieuxtemps, played by Mr. Blagrove; M. Gounod's "Hymne à St. Cecile" (for solo violin and orchestra); and Mendelssohn's overture to "Fliegende Cava." Mr. Henry Smart's cantata, "The Bride of Dunkerton," is announced for performance this day (Saturday).

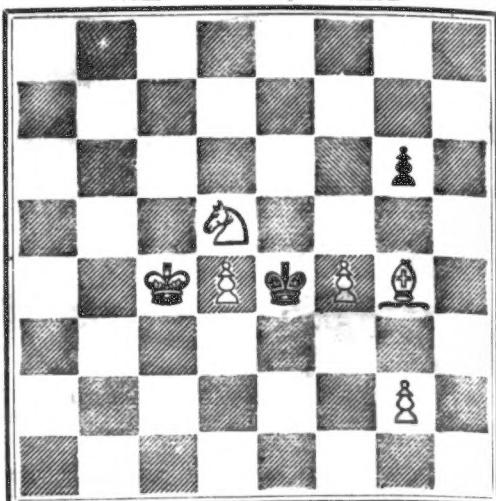
SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—"Israel in Egypt" was given for the first time on Friday evening, the 8th, and filled Exeter Hall in every part. The principal vocalists were Madams Lemmens-Sherrington, Madams Salston-Dolby, Miss Robertine Henderson, Messrs. Sims, Reeves, Montagu Smith, Weiss, and Bonwick. The long series of choral movements which constitute the first part of the work were, with one exception, magnificently sung, and in some instances the choir literally surpassed themselves, more particularly in the "Hailstone chorus," which, despite the pointed interdiction, was rapturously encored and repeated. The edict against encores was also broken through in the case of the duet, "The Lord is a man of war," sung by Messrs. Weiss and Bonwick, and the air, "The enemy said," sung by Mr. Sims Reeves. The last, indeed, created an uproar such as has seldom been heard in Exeter Hall, and the demand for a repetition was simply irresistible. Mr. Reeves was forced to comply, despite his known unwillingness to accede to popular clamour. Madame Lemmens-Sherrington sang the soprano music with her wonted brilliancy. We have seldom heard the fine air, "Thou didst blow," given with greater point and force. In the duet for two sopranos, "The Lord is my strength," Madame Sherrington was joined by Miss Robertine Henderson, one of our most rising young singers, and the performance was admirable on both sides. Madame Salston-Dolby showed her best strength in the lovely air, "Thou shalt bring them in," which for smoothness of singing and purity of style could not be transcended. The first Christmas performance of the "Messiah" was announced for yesterday (Friday).

MADAME IDA KRUGER'S CONCERTS.—At the fifth of Madame Ida Kruger's series of concerts given at Westbourne Hall, Westbourne-grove, on Saturday evening last, Mr. W. Harrison, the highly popular baritone, late manager of the English Opera at Her Majesty's Theatre, and joint manager of the Royal English Opera at Covent Garden, made his first appearance in public since his recent severe illness. Mr. Harrison, who was received on his entrance with great warmth, sang the air of, "Wilt thou think of me," from Baile's "Blanche de Nevers," and "The Muleteer," from the same composer's "Rose of Castile," and was enthusiastically encored in both songs. In his singing, as well as in his looks, Mr. Harrison betrayed no symptoms even of the effects of indisposition, and sang with all his wonted vigour and feeling, the delicate and surprising management of the falsetto voice, for which he was formerly noted, being as conspicuous as ever. Mr. Harrison's attack was so serious that at one time the utmost fears were entertained for his recovery. The performance of Saturday is satisfactory to his friends and the public as showing that the esteemed and favourite tenor is restored to full possession of his powers. Madame Ida Kruger is a German *Lieder* singer of the true Teutonic stamp. Her style is too metronomic, but her voice is of good quality, and she sings like a professor. Some *Lieder* by Schubert and Mendelssohn, the song, "I watched him," from Macfarren's "Helenvellyn," and the air, "Und ob die Wolke" from "Der Freischütz," made up her selection, best of which—it is hard to say why—was the English song, which, in reality, was very nicely given, and made a corresponding impression. The instrumental performances were given by Madame Rous, Miss Jessie Reid, and Herr A. Ries (pianoforte), and Herr Daubert (violincello), best of which was Mendelssohn's "Tema con Variazioni" for pianoforte and violincello, played by Madame Rous and Herr Daubert. Madame Rous has a powerful finger, and Herr Daubert is expert on the thick strings. Herr Adolph Ries conducted. The company was numerous and elegant.

THE ALLEGANIAN VOCALISTS AND SWISS BELLRINGERS gave their first concert at St. James's Hall on Wednesday evening. Their performances were highly appreciated, but we cannot this week enter into details.

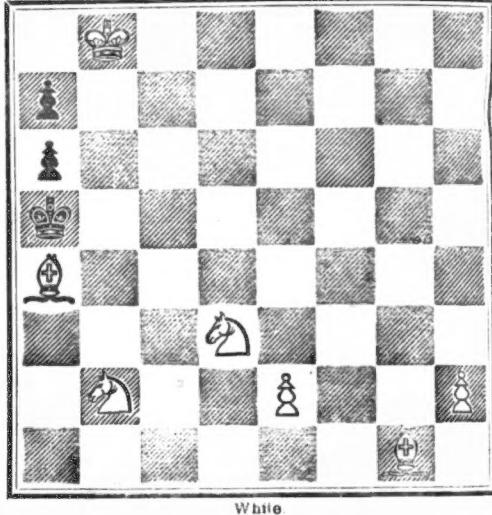
MR. AND MRS. HOWARD PAUL.—A new and highly-successful character sketch has lately been added to the entertainment nightly given by these popular artists. It is called "Hippies on the Lake," and is acted with great spirit. In his wife's diary Mr. Dove finds certain expressions of disgust at her humdrum sort of life. He immediately resolves to check this spirit of dissatisfaction, and demonstrate that quiet domestic life is the life after all. Dove feigns an attachment for another lady, declares himself devoted to private theatricals and dancing, and ruffles the lake with sundry other "ripples." This brings Mrs. Dove to her sober senses, and of course contributes to the happiness of both. Mrs. Howard Paul, as Mr. Sims Reeves, sings a ballad, "The White Daisy," by Tom Hood; and Mr. Paul perpetrates the popular "Ka-foo-zum."

Black.
PROBLEM NO. 316.—By "AMATEUR."



White.
White to move, and mate in five moves.

PROBLEM NO. 317.—By R. B. WORMALD, Esq.



White.
White to move and mate in two moves.

Game played by Messrs. Baugier and Taylor, members of the Norwich Club. The former player gives the odds of his Q's R for the latter's Q's Kt.

[Remove White's Q's R and Black's Q's Kt from the board.]

White.
Mr. Baugier.
1. P to K 4
2. B to Q 4
3. B takes Kt
4. P takes P
5. Q checks (a)
6. P takes P
7. P to K R 3
8. Kt to Q B 3
9. P to Q 3
10. B to K 3
11. Q to K B 3
12. Kt to K 2
13. Kt to K Kt 3
14. B to Q 2
15. Kt to Q square
16. Q to K 2
17. B to K 3
18. Kt takes B
19. R takes R
White resigns.

(a) An injudicious move.

(b) White entirely overlooked this reply.

(c) Black plays the ending to this game very carefully.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 317.

White.
1. K to Kt 7
2. B mates

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 318.

White.
1. Kt to K 7
2. Q to K B 3
3. Q or Kt mates

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 314.

White.
1. B to Q 5
2. Kt to Q 5
3. Q mates

Solutions up to the present date by F. H., J. Palmer, A. J. H., Vincent E., F. G., E. Fenwick, F. R. of B., J. Barlin, C. Adin, Heath and Cobb (Margate), T. Pierce, W. M., W. P. (Dorking), Decima, T. A. O., Clegg of Oldham, A. W. Rawlinson, Osto, A. Vaughan, Willie, Mary P.—y, E. T. Hughes, D. W., G. Adin (Manchester), Douglas, W. T., George Elliot, T. H. J., W. Chadwick, and J. Scott—correct.

In consequence of the Reduction in Duty, Horniman's Tea is now supplied by the Agents Elphinston per lb. cheaper. Every Genuine Packet is signed "Horniman and Son."—Advertisement.

DU BARRY'S DELICIOUS HEALTH RESTORING INVALID AND INFANT'S FOOD its Revolvente Arbutus, yields to the nourishment of the best meat, and cura without medicines or inconveniences, Dyspepsia (Indigestion), Cough, Asthma, Consumption, Debility, Palpitation of the heart, Convulsions, Diarrhoea, Nervous, Bilious, Liver and Stomach complaint, and saves fifty times the cost in other remedies. 50,000 cures annually. Du Barry and Son, 77, Bent-street, London W. It fits, at 1s. 1d., 1s. 2d., 1s. 6d., 2s. 2d., 2s. At all grocers.—[Advertisement.]

Law and Police.

POLICE COURTS

MARLBOROUGH STREET.

A "GENTLEMAN," CHARGED WITH THREE VIOLENT ASSAULTS.—Robert Williams, of Studley House, Larkhall-lane, Clapham, was charged before Mr. Tyrwhitt with assaulting Elizabeth White, a young woman, and Police-constables Weeks, 389 A, and Hallent, 179 C. Elizabeth White said: I am an unfortunate, and live in Dudley-street. I was in Leicester-square at a quarter to one on Sunday morning, on my way home, when I saw the prisoner striking another gentleman he called his brother. A gentleman passing said he ought to be ashamed to strike his brother, and I said so to him, when he left the person he was striking flew at me, tore my bonnet off my head, nearly strangling me at the time, as he caught me by the throat. He also tore my dress and cloak. He then kicked me frightfully about the legs and on the hand. I screamed out, and a cabman came up, as also a constable, but the prisoner was so violent that it required three or four constables to take him. The prisoner was very drunk and violent. My legs were so much hurt that I could not walk to the station, and went in the cabman's cab. Edward Hammond, cab driver, badge 12884, said: I was in Leicester-square on Sunday morning, going towards home, when I saw the prisoner beating a young man. I told him not to knock the young man about. I went on, and two young women passed me. One of them said the prisoner ought to be ashamed of himself, and the prisoner then kicked the young woman in a shameful manner, several times, while she was on the ground, and if it had been a man he could not have ill-used him more. Several cabmen then ran across, and the police came up. The prisoner was like a madman, and any damage he had got to his face was through his violence. Police-constable Hallent, 179 C. Hearing loud screams in Leicester-square, I went, and the young woman gave the prisoner in charge for assaulting her. She appeared to be torn to pieces, and could scarcely stand at all. The prisoner was very drunk, and resisted violently. He kicked me on the legs and shoulders, and it took six or seven of us to get him to the station. Prisoner: Did you not strike me in the eye? Witness: No, I did not. You struck at me, but I avoided the blow. Any mark you have received was caused by your falling. Prisoner: He put his knee on my chest, and I became almost insensible. I was not drunk Police-constable Weeks, 389 A: I went to the assistance of the last witness, when the prisoner kicked me in the face and about the legs several times, and was very violent. The prisoner fell at the corner of Prince's-street, after throwing a constable. Mr. Richard Williams, of 11, Larkhall-lane, Clapham (brother of the prisoner), said: My brother has been in the American war for two years; his health has been much impaired, and he is subject to fits. Mr. Tyrwhitt: And to fighting too. Witness: We had been supping in Bagnall-street, and on our way home I was going to hail a cab, when two young women came up and "assaulted" me. Mr. Tyrwhitt: How did they assault you? Witness: By impounding us, and then they scratched my brother's face. My brother was educated for an architect. We have seen the young women before. Mr. Tyrwhitt said the prisoner was a violent, dangerous man, but would be taught better than to behave in such a violent manner in this country, whatever he might do in any other. He believed the evidence of the cabman, which was completely against him. The prisoner would be committed for a month for the assault on the young woman, and be fined 20s, or fourteen days, for each assault on the police.

WORSHIP STREET.

CURIOS CASE OF ALLEGED ROBBERIES.—John Brown, 49 years of age (as given on the police sheet), describing himself as a tailor, without any home, but having all the appearance of a gentleman's coachman, from wearing a dark-coloured overcoat buttoned up to the chin, white neckerchief, &c., was charged with the following robberies. The prisoner was given into custody a few days since by Mr. Henry Ashby, of Three-Cornered-street, Bow, who recognised him in the street as a man representing himself as an *employé* on the Old Ford line of railway, requiring simply a bedroom in the daytime, as his duties called for attendance at the works all the night; arrangements were made, and on the 21st of September last he commenced his occupancy, sleeping, or most probably pretending to do so, all the day, leaving at a late hour in the evening, and not again returning. Subsequently it was ascertained that a box in the bedroom had been broken open, and the contents, among which was a gold pin, value £1 10s, stolen. A remand on this charge brought forward to other prosecutors in the persons of Mr. Henry Robinson, of Albert-place, Bromley, and Mr. William Dadley, of 42, Auckland-road, Mile-end, both of whom swore to the prisoner as having robbed them under circumstances very similar to those narrated, Mr. Robinson's loss being in the May previous, and Mr. Dadley's on the last day of October. Prisoner at first carried the matter with a very high hand, threatening the prosecutor Ashby that he should bitterly rue having given him into custody, as his position in life was very different to that it was supposed. He was now somewhat subdued, but still persisted that he was not the right man, and was in the wrong place while standing in a felon's dock, for he was a respectable, injured, and innocent man. Mr. Cooke inquired if the prisoner was known to the police, and to the manifest consternation of the accused, the following list of convictions was handed up as sent by Lockyer, warden of the Goldsmiths' Prison:—John Brown, known by and sentenced to the following convictions, under the names of Bryant, Lyons, Brian, and Robinson: 1847, Middlesex Sessions, felony, four months; 1848, police-court, felony, one month; 1849, Middlesex Sessions, felony, six months; 1851, Central Criminal Court, twelve months; 1853, Middlesex, felony, acquitted; 1855, Middlesex, felony, six years' penal; 1863, Middlesex, felony, two years. Prisoner, nothing abashed at this list of offences being read, again asserted his innocence, at the same time declaring not that they were untrue, but that at the very time he was alleged to be lodging with one of the present prosecutors he was lodging in gaol, which could be proved by the governor of the House of Correction. Mr. Cooke said that should be inquired into; but, nevertheless, he stood committed for trial.

A BUFFANLY OLCHEYGMAN.—The Rev. William Briggs, a retired clergyman of the Church of England, residing in Acton-street, Dalston, was charged before Mr. Cook with assaulting and beating Mrs. Eliza Briggs, his wife. The complainant said she had only been married to the defendant one month on the preceding Saturday. She formed his acquaintance through attending upon him as a nurse. The day after her marriage he began to ill-use her, and he had continued to do so, she might say, up to that morning. On Saturday week, just before breakfast, she was seated at the fireside, when she picked up a piece of paper from the grate and put it beneath the kettle. It was a common piece of sugar-paper; but as soon as she had done so the defendant raised his fist, struck her a blow upon the shoulder, and knocked her down, that being the fifth time he had done so since he married her. She then left the house, but returned, and when she did so he refused to give her any food. He was in the habit of looking her in and putting the keys in his pocket. He also looked the bread up so that she could not get any to eat. She had unfortunately given up the means she had to subsist upon during her widowhood, but she could not live with him any longer and wished for a separation. She should be thankful if she could get it. She had a witness in attendance who had seen him drag her along the garden. Mrs. Emma Cartier, the landlady of the house, said the defendant and

his wife were constantly quarrelling. She heard a dispute on the Saturday, apparently about some food, and he then beat his wife, and she went out. She had not seen him strike her on this occasion, but she had seen him knock her down before. His wife always obeyed him and kept his place beautifully clean, but he was always dissatisfied. She had been obliged to give the wife food, though the defendant had a good income. They had been compelled to give him notice to leave, and a man had been brought to the door to take the goods away, but he then came down to beg his husband to let him stop, and he had consented to do so. The defendant said that his first wife died in 1863, and some months afterwards he inserted an advertisement in the papers; the complainant replied in answer and had ever since been inveigling him. In the present case she began quarrelling. Mr. Cooke asked if the defendant had shown any mental affection, and the defendant replied that he had been at Oldney Hatch. On the wife being asked as to that, she said she had heard that before, but knew nothing of it herself. She had no reason to believe he was out of his mind when she married him, nor had she any reason to think so since; but when he drake he became dreadful in his language, and her life was in danger. The case was adjourned at this stage for the defendant's son or some other relative to attend, but on Tuesday Devilit, the warrant officer, said he had been unable to find any, as the wife could not give their addresses, and the defendant declined to do so. Some of the defendant's relatives, he believed, resided in Yorkshire. The defendant now said his wife's statement was incorrect; she was a very quarrelsome woman, but he wished to live kindly with her if she would do so, and he was willing to allow her everything that was reasonable. The wife said her husband's abuse was sometimes so dreadful she could not bear it, but her only desire was that he should be bound over to keep the peace towards her for the future. Mr. Cooke said he should require the defendant to enter into recognizances to keep the peace towards his wife for the next twelve months, and warned him that if he did not he would be brought up there on a warrant, and his recognizances enforced against him. The defendant entered into the securities required.

SOUTHWARK.

STEALING BIBLES AT A RAILWAY STATION.—Thomas Dilbier, an intelligent lad, 15 years of age, was charged with stealing two Bibles from one of the waiting-rooms at the South Eastern Railway Terminus, London-bridge. John Parkinson, an officer in the employ of the railway company, said that about eight o'clock in the evening he saw the prisoner loitering about the waiting-room of the main line, as if he was expecting to meet some one. Witness was called to another part of the station on business, and on his return he saw the prisoner leaving the waiting-room with a bag containing something bulky. Suspecting something wrong, as the prisoner had nothing with him a few minutes previously, witness entered the room and missed the Bibles from the table. He directed the prisoner to be stopped, and on his bag being examined, the Bibles produced, a French one and an English one, were found. The magistrate asked what was the reason that Bibles were in such a place. Witness replied that they were left by the Bible Society for the amusement and instruction of the foreign and English passengers. The magistrates asked if there were other instructive books for the amusement of travellers left in the waiting-room. Witness replied in the negative, excepting the time-tables and advertisements. Alfred Hutton, another officer in the employ of the railway company, said he found the Bibles in the prisoner's bag, when he admitted taking them. The prisoner here said that was true. He was actually starving, and took the books to get food. Magistrate: Have you no father or mother? Prisoner: I have a father, but have not lived with him since I was a year old. My grandfather has brought me up. Magistrate: Where does your grandfather live? Prisoner: In Dryden-buildings, Mile-end, but I don't like to return to him. I have been in employment. My last place was with a foreign silk merchant, in Bull-and-mouth-street, and he paid me 5s. a week. I left him four months ago. Magistrate: Why did you leave him? Prisoner: Because I wanted to better myself, but unfortunately I was unsuccessful. Magistrate: Where does your father live? Prisoner: Notting-hill, sir. He is a carpenter, but I have not seen him for six months. The magistrate here gave some directions to the officers to make inquiries as to the truth of the prisoner's story. He seemed a very intelligent lad, and it would be a pity to see him go to prison for the want of a little help. He then remanded the prisoner.

THE ATTEMPTED MURDER IN ROUPELL-STREET.—William Shirley was placed at the bar for further examination, before Mr. Woolrych charged with shooting Mr. Henry Hus, a Frenchman, carrying on business as a lamp manufacturer, in Roupell-street, Greenwich-road, with a loaded pistol, with intent to murder him. The prisoner was defended by Mr. Thomas Beard, of Basinghall-street. The evidence of the witness examined last week, and which was fully reported in this paper, was read over by Mr. Edwin, the chief clerk, when Mr. Henry Hus, the prosecutor, on being sworn, said he was a lamp manufacturer, at 74, Roupell-street. On Saturday evening the 2nd instant, between five and six, the prisoner called at his place, and came to witness in the show-room, and asked him for a character. He could not understand what sort he wanted, but he thought it was a discharge of some sort that he could not give him. He said he wanted a character, as he expected employment on a railway, and he must have that character. Witness objected, telling him that railway companies did not want such characters, as they sent in forms to be filled in, and that he did not believe him. He was washing his hands and speaking to him at the same time in the workshop. Ten years ago he had been apprenticed to him, and the prisoner expressed his regret at his father apprenticing him to him, as if he had put him to another master he would have been settled and not compelled to seek other situations. Witness told him he was foolish, and proceeded to the back room to get his coat and hat. The prisoner followed him talking to him, and all of a sudden he stopped and said, "You do refuse to give me what I want?" He replied that he did not object to give him a proper character, but he objected to give him what he was asking for. Witness took his umbrella to lower the gas, and was passing him at the corner of the door, when he shot him in the left jaw in an oblique way. Witness called out to him, when another shot was fired at him. The prisoner fired again a third time, and then they had a struggle together. Mr. Woolrych asked whether he did anything to the prisoner then. Witness thought that between the firing of the second shot and the third he put up his left hand and grasped the pistol, and that was the way he received the wound in his hand. He caught hold of the pistol as they were struggling, and two shots were fired, which witness believed wounded the prisoner at the back of the neck. He was then fighting for his life on one knee, holding the revolver back, and then the fourth and fifth shots were fired off. Witness was crying out "Murder" and "Police" with all his might, but being much exhausted he became powerless, and then some persons entered the place, and he was removed to the station-house, where a doctor attended him. Mr. Woolrych asked him how he felt at the present time. Witness replied that the wound on the jaw was nearly healed up, but his hand was still very bad. Mr. Woolrych asked him whose pistol it was. He replied that it was his own property. It was missed from his premises in August last, at which time the prisoner was working for him. Mr. Beard: Have you never threatened the prisoner with personal violence? Witness: I have never done so in my life. When he was apprenticed to me he was a very sulky lad, and I may have corrected him by slapping his face. Now, Mr. Hus did you not say to him, "I'll blow your brains out if you do not quit my shop?"—No; I never say such things. In fact, I had no pistol or gun to do

it with. Mr. Woolrych: When you missed your pistol in August last did you mention the circumstance to any one on the premises? Witness: Yes, sir; to the prisoner, as well as to two others who were at work for me. A lad in the prosecutor's employ said that about half past five o'clock on Saturday afternoon, the 2nd inst., he was sent out on an errand, when he saw the prisoner loitering outside the premises. He stopped witness, and asked him whether Mr. Hus was in the shop. He replied that he was. The prisoner then wanted to know whether he was alone, and on his replying in the affirmative he crossed over. Witness then went on his errand. John Genders, a young man also employed by the prosecutor, identified the revolver pistol produced, as his master's. In August last witness had charge of it, and used to keep it near his bedside in the workshop. He missed it suddenly about the middle of August. In answer to Mr. Beard, witness said at the time four other young men worked there, and they all had access to the room where he kept the pistol. Mr. Woolrych cautioned the prisoner in the usual way, and asked him if he had anything to say why he should not be committed for the attempted murder of Mr. Hus. After consulting with Mr. Beard, the prisoner coolly said: I shall reserve my defence for another place. Mr. Woolrych then committed him to Newgate for trial.

HIGHWAY ROBBER.—Richard Dyson, a companion of notorious young thief, was brought before Mr. Woolrych, charged with assaulting Richard Daley and robbing him of a silver watch and chain. The prosecutor, a respectable-looking young man, living in East-street, Walworth, said that about ten minutes to two on Sunday morning he was passing along Friar-street, Blackfriars-road, on his way home, and at the corner of James-street he saw the prisoner and several others throwing some halfpence on the pavement under the pretence of tossing. His watch was safe at that time, attached to a guard-chain in his waistcoat pocket. He endeavoured to pass along, when the prisoner and his companions impeded him and pushed him about. While he was pushing them off the prisoner snatched his watch and chain, and ran off with them, followed by his companions, who struck off in different directions. Witness pursued the prisoner, but lost sight of him. He, however, saw him afterwards in custody of a constable. Mr. Woolrych asked him if he was sober at the time. Witness replied that he was perfectly sober. He had just left his employment near Holborn. He was sure that the prisoner was the young fellow who robbed him, as he saw his face distinctly. The prisoner said he was never in custody before in his life, and failed any officer to prove it. As for the present charge he knew nothing about it. Committed for trial.

WANDS NORTH.

A FUNNY PHYSICIAN.—George Rio Wilkins, who was described as a physician, was charged with being drunk and wilfully breaking two panes of glass. Mrs. Mary Bailey, of Union-terrace, Clapham-road, said the prisoner had been annoying her. On Saturday he fell down on his knees in her shop, and made professions of love to her, that being very wrong as she was a married woman and he a married man. He had threatened to smash her windows before if she did not let him in, and that he would annoy her so long as she resided in Clapham. The witness added that the prisoner had been allowed by her husband to have his letters addressed to their house. In answer to questions the witness was of the opinion that he broke the windows wilfully. On being asked to explain the way in which he broke them, she said that he went back against the glass to avoid being taken out of the shop. She did not wish to injure him if he would keep away from the place. He had not been sober for several days. The prisoner, who said he was most anxious not to be sent to prison, promised to remit the money for the damage to the windows. Mr. Ingham inquired whether the prisoner had any friends. The witness said he had, and that he was able to obtain the money. The prisoner having promised not to annoy the complainant again, Mr. Ingham accepted his own personal security for his good behaviour, and said that proceedings would have to be taken against him in another court if he failed to pay the amount of the damage to the windows.

GREENWICH.

DISGRACEFUL SCENE.—A DRUNKEN WOMAN IN POSSESSION OF A DEAD CHILD.—Sarah Ann Taylor, aged 54, of 1, Prince of Wales-cottages, London-court, Greenwich, was placed in the dock before Mr. Traill, charged as follows:—Police-constable Smith, 213 B, said that at half-past seven the previous evening his attention was called to a crowd of persons collected in Bridge-street, Greenwich, many females running away screaming. On going to the spot he found the prisoner lying on the pavement drunk, bleeding from a wound over the left eye, and a deal box without a lid, by her side. On looking into the box he discovered the dead body of a newly-born infant, wrapped in a portion of an old newspaper. The prisoner was wholly unable to stand or walk, and in order to avoid the crowd that had and was still collecting, she was placed in a barrow and wheeled through Greenwich Hospital instead of along the main road to the police-station, where she was attended by Dr. Ogen, the police divisional surgeon, who sewed up the wound in her forehead. On recovering her senses the prisoner accounted for her possession of the dead body of the infant by saying that it was the still-born infant of a married woman (the wife of her brother), residing at a place known as the Wood-wharf, Greenwich, and that when found as he had stated she was conveying the body to the house of a man employed to remove dead bodies from the Dreadnought hospital ship, for him to take to an undertaker to have it buried. The prisoner also produced a certificate signed by the midwife who had attended her sister in her confinement to the effect that the child was still-born. Inspector Ellis, in answer to the magistrate, said the case had been reported to the coroner, who had ordered a post mortem examination of the body to be made prior to an inquest being held. Mr. Traill said in all the experience of himself as a police magistrate, he had never before had so disgraceful and discreditable a case brought under his notice. It was almost beyond conception that a human being could be found acting in such a manner, and pending the result of the inquiry to be held before the coroner, he should require the prisoner to enter into recognizances to appear before him that day week.

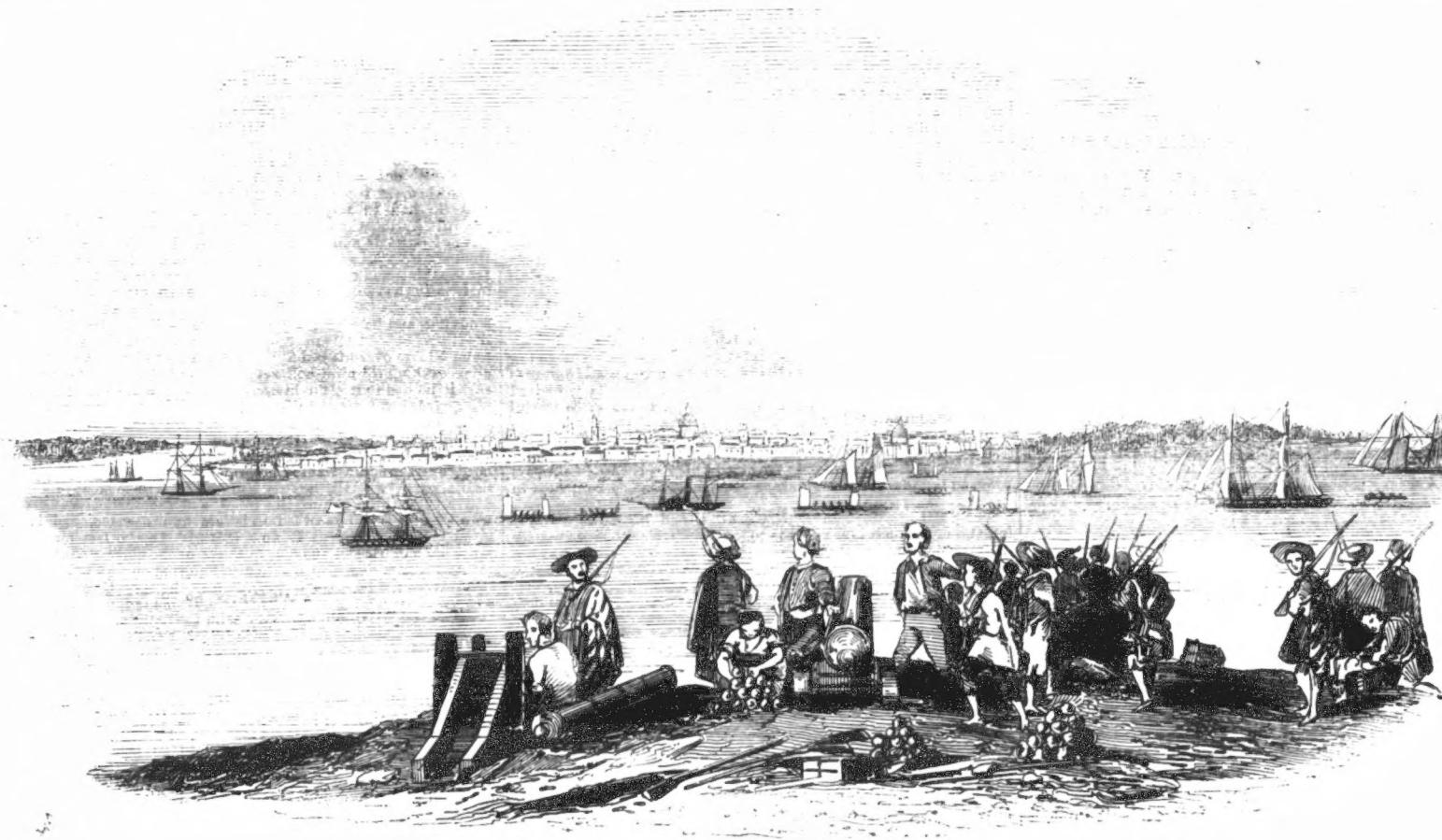
LIABILITY OF PARENTS TO SUPPORT CHILDREN IN REFORMATORIES.—Isaac Cunningham, a labourer in Woolwich Arsenal, appeared to a summons before Mr. Traill, calling upon him to show cause why an order should not be made upon him to contribute towards the support of his son, twelve years of age, who had been ordered to be detained for a period of three years in a reformatory. It will be recollected that a few days since the son of the prisoner was charged at this court with stealing £23 6s. from an aged inmate of Norfolk Hospital, Greenwich, and which was squandered away by him in a few days, and for which he was sentenced to two months' imprisonment, and to be detained in a reformatory for three years. The defendant now, in answer to the magistrate, said he could not afford to contribute anything to his son's support, his wages being 16s. 4d. per week, with occasional overtime, and having four children to support. Mr. Traill said had the defendant done his duty to his son, instead of letting him drift into crime, he would not have committed the offence of which he had been convicted. It would be offering too great a bonus to parents of criminal children to require the State to support their offspring in reformatory establishments. If the defendant had his now convicted son at home to support, which rightly he ought to have, his support would cost at least something more than he was now about making an order for, which was the payment of 1s. 6d. per week for three years, commencing at the expiration of the son's punishment, in the House of Correction. If the order were not obeyed, a distress warrant would issue for the amount. The defendant left the court, declaring it was impossible for him to pay.



IRISH CHARACTERISTICS.—“COMING HOME” IN IRELAND. (See page 430.)



IRISH CHARACTERISTICS.—“COMING OUT” IN ENGLAND. (See page 430.)



THE WAR IN MEXICO.—THE CITY OF TAMPICO. (See page 430.)

Literature.

THE PRODIGAL SON. A TALE OF NEW YORK TEMPTATIONS. CHAPTER I.

THE POLICE-STATION.

The New York police station-houses are but little less inviting than ordinary prisons, as far as the part allotted to prisoners is concerned. The exterior of the buildings and the part occupied by the police-force have all the tidiness and respectability which they present, while the dungeons are dirty, damp, dark places, and generally under ground. Rats and vermin infest these buildings. They domesticate themselves, crawl and roam about in the sovereign right of undisputed possession, and make the horrors of the prison more complete. There is usually a breakneck staircase, a damp gas-lighted corridor, and a row of cells on either side. The furniture of the cell is a bench, which answers the purpose of both seat and bed. The occupants, besides the prisoner or prisoners, are a host of enormous, fat, sleek, familiar-acting rats, and a countless army of bold, lively, blood-thirsty vermin. The atmosphere is close and humid. Whitewash is used in liberal quantities, and the floor of the corridor kept well scrubbed, but the location of the dungeons and the inmates consigned to them are not favourable to the prevalence of wholesome air.

The people about prisons, the world over, always look and act alike. This is true of both keepers and prisoners, and they form a community as peculiar as if they were a nationality, or a sect by themselves. The keepers are burly, rough-featured, stout-fisted, loud-talking men, naturally stern and rough, but sometimes wrought by the afflictive scenes about them into moods of compassionate mildness. They stay cheerfully in prisons all day and all night. They swing the iron doors, turn the ponderous keys, and draw the heavy bolts, with a skill which makes the duty lighter. They look the most terrible villains in the eye, and the fellows cower like lambs; or, if it be necessary, they seize an unruly giant, and in a twinkling manacle him, so that he can neither rise nor move. These men truly seem as if they had been nurtured for their business; and certainly their baseness, in every land, makes them peculiarly alike in appearance, manners, and sentiments. Men long in confinement also resemble one another. The desire for liberty, the weight of guilt, the prison surroundings, the convict's garb, all conspire to produce this effect. They grow into, and at all events seem to have the similitude of each other.

One night, a crowd came surging toward a station-house of the city, in the midst of which were two police-officers, struggling with a third person. The prisoner yelled loudly, and made frantic efforts to break away from his custodians, but they held him as securely as if in a vice of iron.

"Ruffians!" cried the prisoner, "do you dare to treat a gentleman as you would a thief?"

"Exactly, if he don't behave himself," was the reply.

"A mighty fine gentleman you are, to be sure," said a person in the crowd.

"Club him again," said another.

"God!" screamed the prisoner, "I will be free."

He plunged violently forward, and then to the right and left; he stampeded and jumped, bit the hands that held him, and swore awful oaths. But it was all in vain. He was only held tighter by the officer, and hooted by the mob.

At length the door of the station-house was reached, and in a moment the prisoner stood before the clerk of the police-captain. A law of the crowd managed to get in, but the door was quickly closed against the rest. The prisoner was a pitiable-looking object, indeed. He was a young man, large of stature, and well dressed; but his clothing was disordered and torn, his face was bruised and bleeding from blows that he had received, and his hair hung over his eyes in dishevelled masses. One of the officers made a charge of disorderly conduct, stating that the young man was found intoxicated and disturbing the public peace, and when arrested had assaulted the officer.

"Your name, sir?" said the police-captain.

"I'm a gentleman," returned the prisoner, standing as straight as he could under the circumstances. "How dare you treat a gentleman like a ruffian?"

"Come, come, young man," said the captain, sharply. "You can't trifles here. What's your name, sir?"

"Dudley Howard, sir. Dudley Howard—a name never before disgraced in this manner."

"Ah, indeed," returned the captain, "you are the son of a worthy and very rich man. I'm sorry to find you here."

The name—one of the most noted in commercial and religious circles in New York—was duly recorded. Then the young man was required to hand over his valuables, which consisted of a watch and gold chain, diamond breast-pin, and a considerable roll of money, and then the captain said, "Take him down."

"Down where?" demanded the young man.

"To a cell," was the captain's answer.

"Put Dudley Howard, junior, in a cell—put a gentleman in a cell!" shouted the prisoner, as he again made a plunge to escape.

The officer again collared him, and he was pushed and dragged to the stairs, and down them into the corridor. A cell door was hastily unlocked, and as it opened Dudley Howard, junior, was thrust in, a prisoner for the night.

"Bad luck to ye for disturbing an honest man!" said a voice of another person in the cell. "Are ye a burglar, or only a rowdy? If ye have brought a drop of the critter, I'll forgive ye for breakin' me rist."

A cold sweat now stood on the young man's brow, as he began more fully to realize his situation. He rushed to the bars, and called out, "I have friends—money! Come to me—let me out!"

His answer was a sorrowful laugh, which ran from cell to cell. The Irishman confided with him joined in it, and said, "Friends and money! Ye are one of the town-bloody, then—one of the aristocracy on the spree. I ha'e ye as an oppressor of the poor. Be jibbers, I'll worry you this blessed night! Hearay! here's a chance for fun!"

Dudley Howard, junior, drew back into the darkness, ashamed, alarmed, and exhausted. That he was to endure all the horrors of a night in the station-house was now fully apparent to his recovering sensibilities.

CHAPTER II.

THE SERIOUS FAMILY.

MR. DUDLEY HOWARD, sen., was a leading merchant, and a noted man in the Church and all religious and philanthropic enterprises. His family consisted of his wife, two daughters, and an only son, who bore his own name. With the exception of the son, all the members of the family were members of the Church, and a very serious sort of Christians. There was not a shade of difference in the feelings and opinions of the father, mother, and daughters, on any religious, moral, or philanthropic subject; but the son differed with them on all of these points most radically and stubbornly. From his infancy, he had been designed for the ministry; he was sent to college with the view of subsequent preparation for orders in the Episcopal Church. But a disposition to be wild, which early developed itself, became so confirmed during his college-course that it was nothing but the respect in which his father was held that prevented his being expelled; and it was with great difficulty that he managed to graduate with his class. His conduct was, of course, the occasion of much painful solicitude and mortification on the part of his family. Mr. Howard, especially, grieved over his blasted hopes in regard to his son; and in the hope of weaning him from his evil habits and dissipated associates, he sent him to Europe. The misguided youth spent six months abroad; and as he was leading even a more abandoned life than at home, was required by his father to return. Once in New York again, every influence was brought to bear upon him; but counsel, threats, and prayer were all alike in vain. There was scarcely a temptation to which he did not yield himself.

Mr. Howard's government of his son was severe in the extreme. He had certain opinions, precepts, and rules from which there was no appeal, under any circumstances, and the offender was always brought to stern condemnation. There was no allowance for Dudley's youth, for a disposition naturally free-hearted and fond of excitement and gaiety. Consequently, the scenes between the father and son were often of the most unhappy character. On the part of the parent it was nothing but harsh rebuke, fanatical denunciation, and angry threats; and on the part of the son, it was either an insolent silence or indignant defiance. To make matters worse, Mr. Howard, and, in fact, all the female members of his family, were greatly under the influence of

their minister, the Rev. Paul Atwood, D.D.; and this person had a great deal to say about the "prodigal son," as he called Dudley. The young man was constantly told, "for his good," of the things the minister said about him; and it was not long before he hated the gentleman as much as the rest of the family loved him. Thus stood affairs at the time of the opening of our tale. The evening of the very night that saw Dudley committed to a cell was passed by the Rev. Mr. Atwood at the mansion of his dear friends, the Howards. Let us join in the serious circle.

It was an elegant house, one of the "brown stone fronts" on Murray-hill. Money and taste had exhausted themselves in the adornment of the establishment. Still it was a gloomy-looking house, and there was a primness about everything to be seen. The inmates moved about with quiet steps and demure looks, and as far as the furniture was concerned, Poor Richard's maxim that "everything has its place and everything should be in its place," was in full force. Order, care, and precision appeared on all sides. Seriousness was the expression on every face, and propriety the rule of all conduct.

The serious friends were gathered in a dimly-lighted reception-room. The ladies were attired in costly though extremely plain garments; and Mr. Howard wore a suit of black, only differing from that of the Rev. Mr. Atwood in being without the white cravat. Each of the ladies crossed her hands in front of her, wore a downcast look, and made it a point to give the greatest attention to the remarks of Mr. Howard and the clergyman. The Rev. Paul Atwood, D.D., had the reputation of great talents and extraordinary piety. He had a fashionable up-town church, drew crowds to hear his certainly very attractive eloquence, and possessed unbounded influence among his parishioners. And still, if the world could have looked into the heart of the Rev. Paul Atwood, as he sometimes looked into it, there would have been seen little but uncleanness. In truth, he was a religious hypocrite, of the worst stamp. His outward show to the world—his precepts and practices, as far as the world could hear and see, were beyond cavil; but he was disinterested in his conscience of real principle, and his whole course was dictated by selfish policy. He studied of ascetic, and his effort was to control the wealthy religious men and women with whom he came in contact, by the exhibition of extreme sanctity and an adroit falling in with their weaknesses and prejudices. With all others, he had a haughty spirit, and forgot every fundamental principle of the Christianity he professed.

He was a large, fine-looking man, with an immense round head, of marked intellectual characteristics. His manners were courtly, and his address was most polished and winning. He had an abundance of brown curly hair, and it was a favourite way with him to run his fingers gently through it.

"Poor Dudley is absent this evening, as usual," remarked Mr. Atwood, after talking for a short time.

"Alas! yes," returned Mrs. Howard, in a choked voice, and with a deep sigh, in which she was joined by her daughters.

"What shall I do with that perverse youth?" asked Mr. Howard, looking towards the clergyman with a face which showed his stern, unyielding nature.

"My dear Mr. Howard, and my dear Mrs. Howard, and my dear young ladies," returned the clergyman, in a melting tone, and with a bow to each, "I feel for you most deeply, and you are entitled to the sympathy and prayers of the whole church of Christ. But, my dear Mr. Howard, I feel that I should be better able to advise you after we have refreshed ourselves with prayer."

Solemnly the group knelt in devotion, and the rich voice of the minister rose to the ear. He was truly eloquent in prayer, and it was not long before his impressive words were followed by the sobs of the females. When they arose, an almost solemn silence continued for some moments, during which the Rev. Paul Atwood took an opportunity to finger his curls.

"The course of my son is a scandal to morals and religion," said Mr. Howard, at length.

"I consider my influence as presidentress of the Society for the Moral and Religious Improvement of the Young Fijian Islanders, and as a directress of the China Anti-Opium-Eating Society to be much impaired by the conduct of Dudley," said Mrs. Howard.

"No doubt of it," my dear lady," returned Mr. Atwood. "Oh, how unhappy, that the wickedness of this youth should impair in the least your noble, philanthropic, and Christian efforts."

"How unhappy!" echoed one of the young ladies.

"Unhappy!" still echoed the other.

"But, my dear friends," continued the minister, again drawing

his fingers through his curls, "A man of things could not be. You have a duty—a solemn duty to perform. Society demands it of you, the Church lays it as an obligation, and your own consciences should sustain you in doing it."

"I feel that I have such a duty," said Mr. Howard.

"And I, too," joined in the wife.

"And I," repeated the eldest daughter.

All this time Mr. Atwood was busy with his hair, and waiting to launch his thunder-bolt against the profligate.

"Your duty, my dear fellow-sisters, is plain. Your serene son's must no longer be thus discomfited, your upward flight in grace must not be thus retarded; your habitation, in a word, must be made the abode of the redeemed soul."

"Yes," uttered the old man faintly, in unison.

"Let me have an interview with Dudley. Let me speak to him as his Christian friend. Let me tell my dear son."

"Tell him," said the stern father, "that love has been misused to me; tell him to obey your counsel, and from henceforth to be an outcast from home and to tame forever."

"Yes, yes, yes," Thus the solemn family awarded justice to the prodigal.

"My Christian friend, your decision meets my entire approbation," said the minister, still rousing his singers through his lips; "to-morrow morning I will talk with Dudley."

"I confide in you," said Mr. Howard.

The minister looked at his watch and rose to go. At this very hour Dudley Howard, jun., was being dragged to the stalwart hands of Mr. Atwood, who shook each of his friend's warmly by the hand; and then, with a most dignified and courtly air, moved towards the door, pausing at the threshold to say, "Heaven's sweet peace abide with you."

CHAPTER III.

THE PRODIGAL.

The Irishman confined in the cell with Dudley Howard was as good as his word. During the most of the remainder of the night he occupied himself with tormenting his fellow-prisoner with every possible insult. The exasperated young man several times sprang towards the ruffian to strike him for his insolence, but the powerful fellow buried him back with oaths and new abuse. The raves were thick on the floor and ran over his feet, and even tried their teeth upon his boots; and, more disgusting still, he found that even the vermin were crawling on him. His head was racked with pain, and his very soul was sick within him. He probably thought more in regard to his vicious habits during this night than ever before in his life.

"Oh, God!" he said, as he sat with his aching head between his hands, "for the morning to come."

"Bedad, ye'll wish it was night when you come to walk through the street to see his honour the police-magistrate. Have ye no shame?"

"I am resolved to lead a new life," he said, in a low tone, to himself. "To-morrow shall open a new page for me."

"If ya get your dears," returned the quick-heating Irishman, "your noble name will go on the page of the Tomb as a disorderly character."

At length daylight began to show itself in the corridor. There was not much of it, however, and the place would still have been quite dark without the gaslight. A little later the cells were opened, and the prisoners collected over-night were marched in the office upstairs before being sent to the police-court.

Dudley Howard stood as much aloof as he could, with a downcast look. He would hardly have been known as the struggling and desperate prisoner of the night before. The thieves and vagrants of both sexes who made up the rest of the party, pointed to him and sarcastically called him "the goat on a beater."

"Sure, and he's a young brother of mine," said the Irishman, "who has been told from infancy to keep the peace."

The ragged, bear-eyed, hang-dog crowd laughed at this, and the police-officer commanded silence.

The procession passed out of the door and up the street, guarded by the officers. The Irishman placed himself at the side of Dudley, and produced another laugh by saying, "I'll stick to my brother, though he be on the road to the gallows."

In the early morning, fortunately for Dudley, few people were in the street. His face was crimson when any one passed, and he kept his eyes upon the ground. The police-court was finally reached, and the cases were, one after another, speedily disposed of.

"Dudley Howard, jun.," was called.

"Here," was the answer.

"My genteel young brother, the same," whispered the Irishman.

The officer making the arrest stated the facts, when the magistrate said, "What have you to say, sir?"

"But a word, your honour," said Dudley, in a distinct but sad tone. "I never stood under such a charge before, and, so help me God, never will again."

"I believe you, sir," returned the magistrate. "You are discharged."

Dudley bowed, and started for the door.

"Good-bye to ye," said the Irishman. "When I get out I'll call on you at your Fifth-avenue residence, and spend another evenin' wid ye."

Dudley hastened to his father's house, and locked himself in his room.

"Thank heaven to be here once more!" he said. "What a fearful night I have passed!"

He threw himself on the bed, and shortly after slept heavily.

CHAPTER IV.

THE TRAGEDY.

DUDLEY was aroused, some hours later, by a loud rapping at his door. He opened it, hardly awake as he was, and in his haggard and disordered appearance. To his surprise, he found the person to be the Rev. Paul Atwood, D.D.

"Excuse me for disturbing you, my dear friend," said the minister, with many smiles and bows; "but I have an important message for you."

"Come in," said Dudley, with a scowl.

The minister was hardly prepared for such an appearance as Dudley presented, and for a moment surveyed him in astonishment. In Dudley's repulsive mood the right kind of a man could have done anything with him; but Mr. Atwood had so long been a meddler in his affairs—prejudicing, as he imagined, his parents and sisters against him—and he so thoroughly exasperated him as a religious hypocrite, that the oily feeling of indignation rolled upon his heart.

"Young man," said Mr. Atwood, in a tone of severity, "I am reminded by your appearance of the verse which reads—'And the man said unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son.'"

"Audacious rascal!" said Dudley, stung to the quick by his tone and words. "do you dare to speak thus to me?"

"Oalm yours, if, young sir," returned Mr. Atwood, not the least discomposed; "probably the wine you have partaken with harlots will fire your brain."

"Villain, you lie!"

"Again, I say, calm yourself."

"Paul Atwood, listen to the truth regarding yourself. I will not call you reverend, for you are unworthy of the title. You are a hypocrite. You steal the livery of heaven to serve the devil in

You have hated me because I measured your character and detected your motives. A pensioner on my father's wealth, and a scrophulous at his feet, you have poisoned his mind, and that of my mother and all sisters, against me. I arraign you for this, you smooth-tongued villain."

The Rev. Paul Atwood, D.D., turned many colours while these words were being uttered. On him a being, at least, had penetrated the discloses of his character, and had been bold enough to speak it to his face. He recovered himself instantly, however, and said, in the mildest voice imaginable, "Young man, I forgive thee. Now, listen to me, and let me tell thy father to say that he is at the bottom of thy sins; that thy name obey my command, and never sin again in my presence."

"Your command—I will obey it for ever!" replied Dudley, with a faint smile on his face.

"I have seen your sins, and I am sorry for you. I am a perceptible being. I only call it a smile, and it is really a ray all the restraint."

"I am a prodigal; you smile at the misery you cause me! Did I ever do you wrong?"

Dudley snatched a pistol from a table near at hand, and fired. The minister fell, and, with a single groan, expired. The young man stood, with discoloured eyes, gazing upon his murderer, and, with a faltering voice, he exclaimed, "Pardon has done its work! I am a prodigal, and not this man worthy to have learnt me. Well, the die is cast. Father, mother, sister, earth—adieu!"

He sank down on his knees, and, as he did so, placed the pistol, which was still in his hand, to the side of his head. Again a report resounded in the room—the minister and young Dudley both slept in death.

The pistol remained in Dudley's hand, and when the alarmed inmates of the house reached the room, the double crime was easily divined—for no eye but God's saw the transaction. Great was the excitement in the city. The newspapers were filled with the particulars of the tragedy for several days. The life-long vices of the young ruffian and scoundrel were fully proclaimed, and the life-long virtues of the distinguished victim were the burden of every pen and tongue. The prodigal was buried as an outcast and a criminal, and left a dishonored name. The minister had a pompous burial, and left the record of undying virtues.

The Howard family were much sympathized with in their affliction, but withdrew entirely from society, spending their wealth in religious and charitable undertakings.

A GALLANT RESCUE.—On the occasion of the wreck of the screw steamer *Barbadian*, of Liverpool, bound from that port to Barbados, which went ashore on the north end of the Blackwater Bank, a most gallant and persevering rescue of four of her crew was performed. As soon as intelligence of the wreck reached Wexford the life-boat of the National Life-boat Institution was taken in tow along the inside of the Blackwater Bank. The wind had freshened to a gale, and the sea ran very high, hoarding the lug frequently, and threatening to put the fires out. The weather was so thick that nothing could be seen, and no guns or other signals being heard, it was considered the vessel must have got clear, so after a search of fully four hours under very trying circumstances the life-boat returned to her station. The next day, the weather being clearer, although the wind was still blowing strong, the steamer *Ruby* took the life-boat again in tow and went out to the Bank. On approaching the north end of it a mast was observed out of the water with four men clinging to it. The sea was breaking literally mountains high, and the greatest danger existed in nearing the wreck as the vessel having gone to pieces the masts and other portions of her were stowed about in the vicinity of the mast, on which the people were. The life-boat attempted five times to get to the mast, and was sometimes so close as to cheer up the poor fellows, and as many times failed to accomplish her noble purpose. It was now evident that the crew of the life-boat were becoming exhausted, having been four hours at their fruitless task, but summoning all their remaining strength, they determined to make a last final effort, as the mast, to all appearance, was about to fail. The anchor was then let go, and the boat pulled close to the mast, which was grappled this time, and the boat then rescued the four poor sailors, who had been in their perilous position upwards of twenty-seven hours, with nothing to eat but a small portion of uncooked meat. Although half dead, the rescued men requested the life-boat to proceed to the light vessel to see if any of the crew of the steamer were on board, but they had heard nothing of them, and the life-boat then brought the four men on shore. Out of the crew and passengers—thirty-seven in number—of the steamer, twelve, including the captain and chief mate, it is feared have perished, only twenty-five persons having reached the shore.

DIED IN THE WORKHOUSE.—A few days ago there died in one of the workhouses in Manchester, a daring character named Isaac Robinson, said to be a native of Shropshire. At one time he acted as a guide to the summits of Helvellyn, Skiddaw, and other mountains, often to crags, fastnesses, and gullies which had never before been penetrated by man. On more than one occasion he was hired to proceed at midnight in search of excursions who had been lost in the mist, and he rarely returned without bringing safely home those who were about to perish through cold and hunger. A few years later he was noted all over Cumberland and Westmoreland as one of the first wrestlers of the day. During a portion of this time, too, he acted as under-game-keeper, and, along with others, was engaged in a terrible affray with poachers on the preserves of the Earl of Lonsdale, near Lancaster Castle. In this encounter he seized two poachers and held them, and at the same moment two guns were fired at him by others of the gang. The poachers were subsequently tried at the assizes at Appleby, convicted and sent out of the country. He was one of three daring fellows who undertook to rid the neighbourhood of Wigton of a gang of gipsies who had held possession of some moorland there for more than twenty years, and which they accomplished in the face of terrible dangers. But the act for which his name will ever remain a household word in many parts of the north was that of rescuing a young lady from drowning. One Christmas a party of ladies and gentlemen were on a visit to — Castle, and, as there had been two or three days' frost, they resolved to skate on a lake in the park. Near to some trees on the margin of the lake the only daughter of the proprietor fell, breaking the ice with her fall, and she sank. The catastrophe paralyzed every one present, but the sores and shouts for assistance brought several labourers to the spot. No one, however, ventured to enter the water or tried to save the young lady's life. At this juncture, Robinson, who had also heard the screams, reached the spot just as the young lady reached the surface, dashed into the water, seized the girl by the hair, and dragged her to the side, and, taking off his keeper's coat, he wrapped her in it and bore her to the hall. Before he entered the carriage-drive the news of the disaster had reached the family, who were all coming down to the lake in the utmost consternation. Seeing his master, the late Mr. Cawthon, then M.P. for Lancaster, whose messenger he was, he implored him to be some relative of his, and told him how the rescue had been effected. For this timely act of bravery he was rewarded by the young lady's father with a pension for life. The young lady herself, in a year or two after, was married to a merchant of Liverpool, who made him many presents. All however, was insufficient. In the latter part of his life Robinson took to drinking, and frequently forced all his pension by many months, and at length died a pauper at the age of ninety. He had a sister, who died two years ago near Penrith, in her ninety-second year; and it is well known that the physical strength of the family never had its equal in the neighbourhood of their birth.—*Cumberland Pocquet*.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A COUNTY MEMBER.

MR. JACKSON, one of the members for North Derbyshire, delivered a speech at the *sovereign* of the Donhead Mechanics' Institution, in the course of which he gave "a little bit of his history," for the sake, as he said, of initiating and spurring on many in the room who had a great chance before them as he had when he first started in life. His father, a medical man, left his mother with eleven children, himself the seventh son. To some of her sons she gave a college education, to others a high education; but what with the placing of them out, and the cost of education, her means were diminished, and when it came to place him less was granted, and he had to rely on himself. Forty-eight years ago last 9th of April, when under twelve years of age, he was taken out of school and was put to hard work at a ship's side from six o'clock in the morning till nine at night, with half an hour for breakfast and the remainder of an hour for dinner, and he remained in this position nine months, when his master was taken ill, and he was put in the office. This gave him an opportunity of studying, and he read the "Encyclopaedia Britannica" from A to Z—*all* his education. After that he never lost an hour. He had a lamp over his bed at night when he had gone to bed at ten, after working till nine, and read a part of it at night, for he found that he had to rely on himself he must practise self-dependence. He afterwards put himself to a trade, and his subsequent career had been one of uninterrupted success. But he wondered where he should have been if he had not read the "Encyclopaedia Britannica." Not in that room as their county member, for if ever he wanted information, in any of his pursuits it, like, great or small, he only had occasion to look at that book, and he found the genius, the mind, and the application of those who preceded him recorded in letters unmistakable, and it had formed his character as it now existed. In the last forty-eight years he had been in the four quarters of the globe, and there was scarcely a port to which a ship could go that he had not commercial relations with. He first began with the West Coast of Africa, and his ship returned from Sierra Leone to the Cape of Good Hope, nearly 2,000 miles, trading with the natives. Where did he get his information regarding each tribe? From the "Encyclopaedia Britannica" and the Bible to enable him to preach, so did he (Mr. Jackson) read the "Encyclopaedia" that he might be "posted up," as the American said, wherever he had transactions, and whether it was the Indies or the Cape of Good Hope, Hottentots, Boers, Dutchmen or English, Mussulmans or Hindoos, he found the information he wanted regarding the manners and customs of the people. And when Australia began to be peopled, he found information of that new country almost unknown in his younger days. Take the western coast of America, Peru and Chile, he found the history of these countries before they were captured, so to speak, by the Europeans. He traded as far as California, buying raw hides and carrying salt from the Oape Verde Islands to pay for them, before an ounce of gold was found there. He had also had whalers in the north, and he had always looked at the "Encyclopaedia" and found the information he desired. He said to those who did not read—"Read, instead of smoking your pipe and drinking beer in a public-house; get that book, and you will find art, science, language, something to entertain, support, and instruct you." He attributed his great success in life to the fortunate circumstance of his master being ill, and his being obliged to be in the office from morning till night, and there having the opportunity of instructing himself. Twenty-seven years ago he was obliged to go to Pisa for his health, and in endeavouring to learn the Italian grammar he found that so many years of hard work had caused him to forget grammar altogether, and he was obliged to begin *de novo*. He spoke of the great advantages that his knowledge of Italian, then gained, had been to him in his commercial relations with that country, which was so rapidly developing, and touched upon the presentation made to him in acknowledgment of his services in the late events in Italy. He mentioned this to show what a man could do if he would be self-reliant, and deny himself luxuries—which were not luxuries after all. If he had spent his time in the public-house, and joined himself with the young and dissolute men at Liverpool he should never have been what he was. No matter from what position a man started, he could attain any position by good conduct and the talents which the Almighty had given him. Mr. Jackson instance the cases of Benjamin Franklin and William Cobbett in proof of what he said. He then spoke at some length on the importance of the study of the modern languages, particularly French and German, since we had already a commercial treaty with France, and should have one with Austria, and if Austria made such a treaty all Germany must follow. He dwelt upon the importance of the knowledge of such languages to a manufacturing community. If, he said, he knew French, German, and Italian fluently, he would give all he possessed, for he should be confident of soon making it up, and even doubling it.

IRISH CHARACTERISTICS.

Two illustrations of Irish characteristics which will be found on page 428, need little comment from us. We may observe that the first is unhappily the too general characteristic of an Irish cabin, and the condition of what has been termed, "the finest people in the world," and yet the Irishman, no sooner is he from his own country, than he becomes the hardest working fellow among our labouring population; and that he soon reaches the dignity of our second illustration, we have daily instances among the London Irish costermongers.

MEXICO.

Matamoras papers of the 10th ult., state that the Imperial gunboat *Antonio*, while forcing her way up the river under fire of the Republicans, grounded seven miles below the city, when a furious fire was opened upon her from the American bank, wounding two marines. The French commander refrained from returning the fire received from the bank. The Republicans on the American bank were dressed in the Federal uniform.

The same papers say that it seems a settled purpose of these men to cause a war between the United States and Mexico. These outlaws are on the American side of the river in force, and their officers are enlisting recruits.

According to Matamoras papers of the 15th, a night attack was to have been made upon the gunboat *Antonio* by two small boats from the American shore, which were discovered and fired upon by the *Antonio* and sunk, all on board, it was supposed, being drowned.

We give on page 429 a view of Tampico, an important Mexican city.

PURSUIT AFTER "HEAD CENTRE" STEPHENS AT DUMBARTON.—A great amount of excitement was manifested in the district of Dumbarton, and as far down as Rothesay, during the past week, it being generally believed that "Head-Centre" Stephens was lurking about some of the towns or villages on the north bank of the Clyde. One of her Majesty's cutters has been cruising about, and a party of Irish police are still in search of the missing rebel. His pursuers consider that they have sufficient evidence for saying that Stephens was on the Clyde in a fishing boat, making his way from Gourock to the north shore, on Sunday last; and the result has been that one or two curious hunts have taken place after suspicious individuals and small craft since. It is alleged that there is a party of 700 Fenians in Dumbarton, Dumbroch, and Vale of Leven, and several instances are spoken to where they have been seen drilling.—*Daily Paper*.

Varieties.

DOUBLE GLOSTER.—Richard the Third, with his bump.

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